



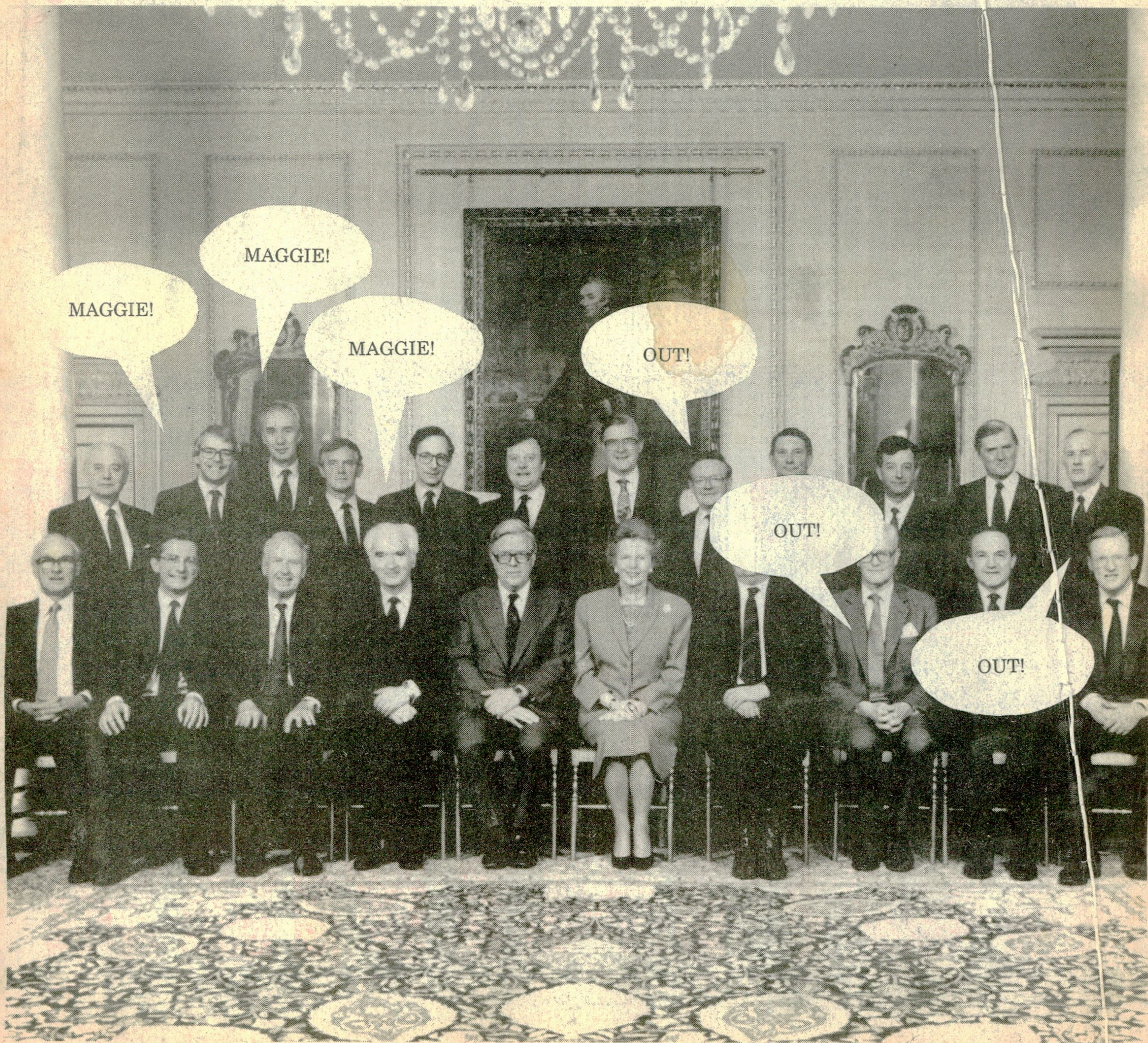
No. 737
Friday
16 March '90

PRIVATE EYE

60p

IT'S

RENTAMOB



MAGGIE!

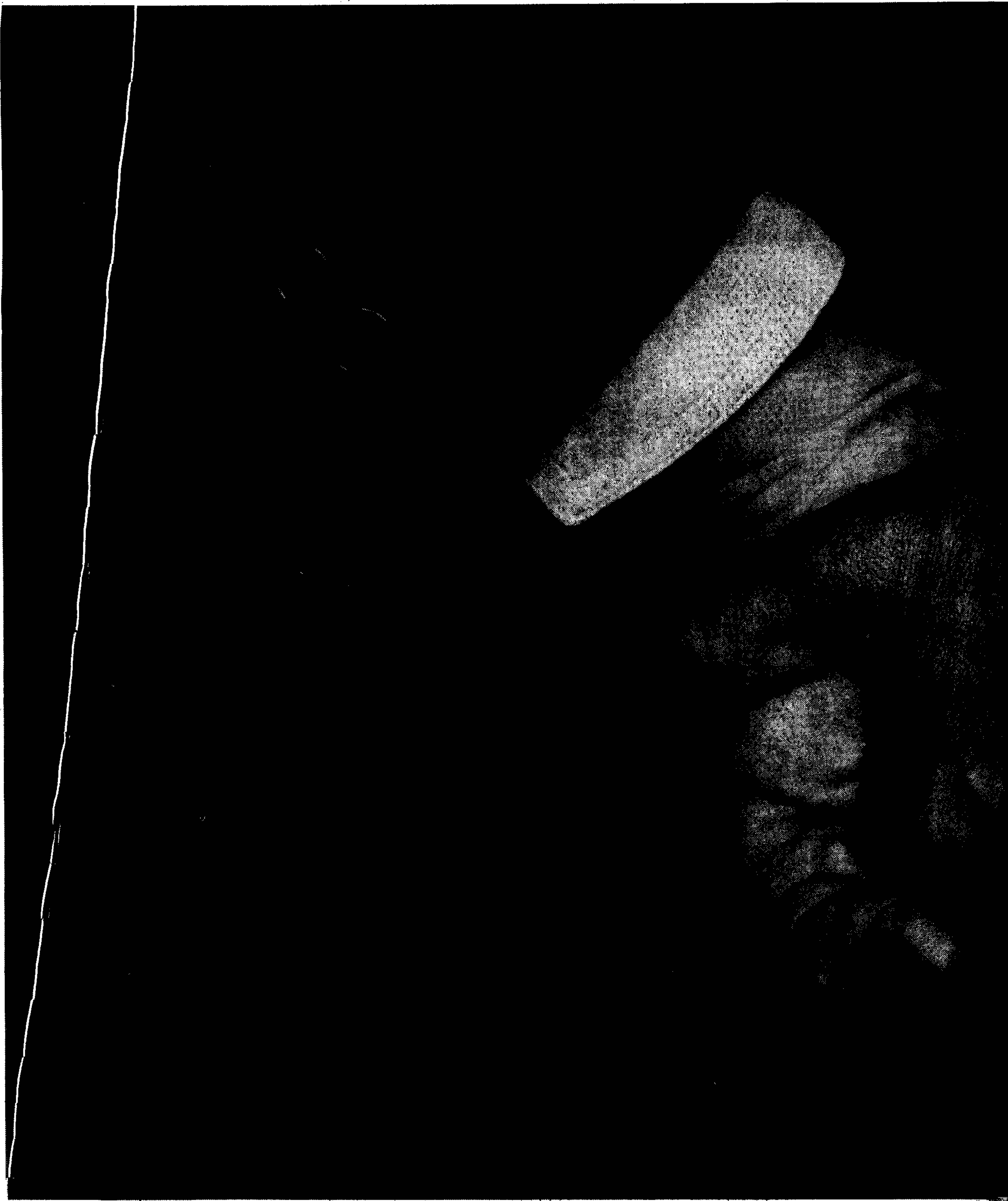
MAGGIE!

MAGGIE!

OUT!

OUT!

OUT!



IF A MARRIED MAN HAS AN AFFA-

According to the dictionary, a bisexual man is simply 'one who has sex with both men and women.'

As a way of life, however, bisexuality can prove to be anything but simple.

Yet few of the problems bisexual men have faced in the past can compare with the one that confronts them now.

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The Human Immunodeficiency Virus is transmitted when



, IT MAY NOT BE WITH A WOMAN.

infected semen, blood or vaginal fluid enters the body.

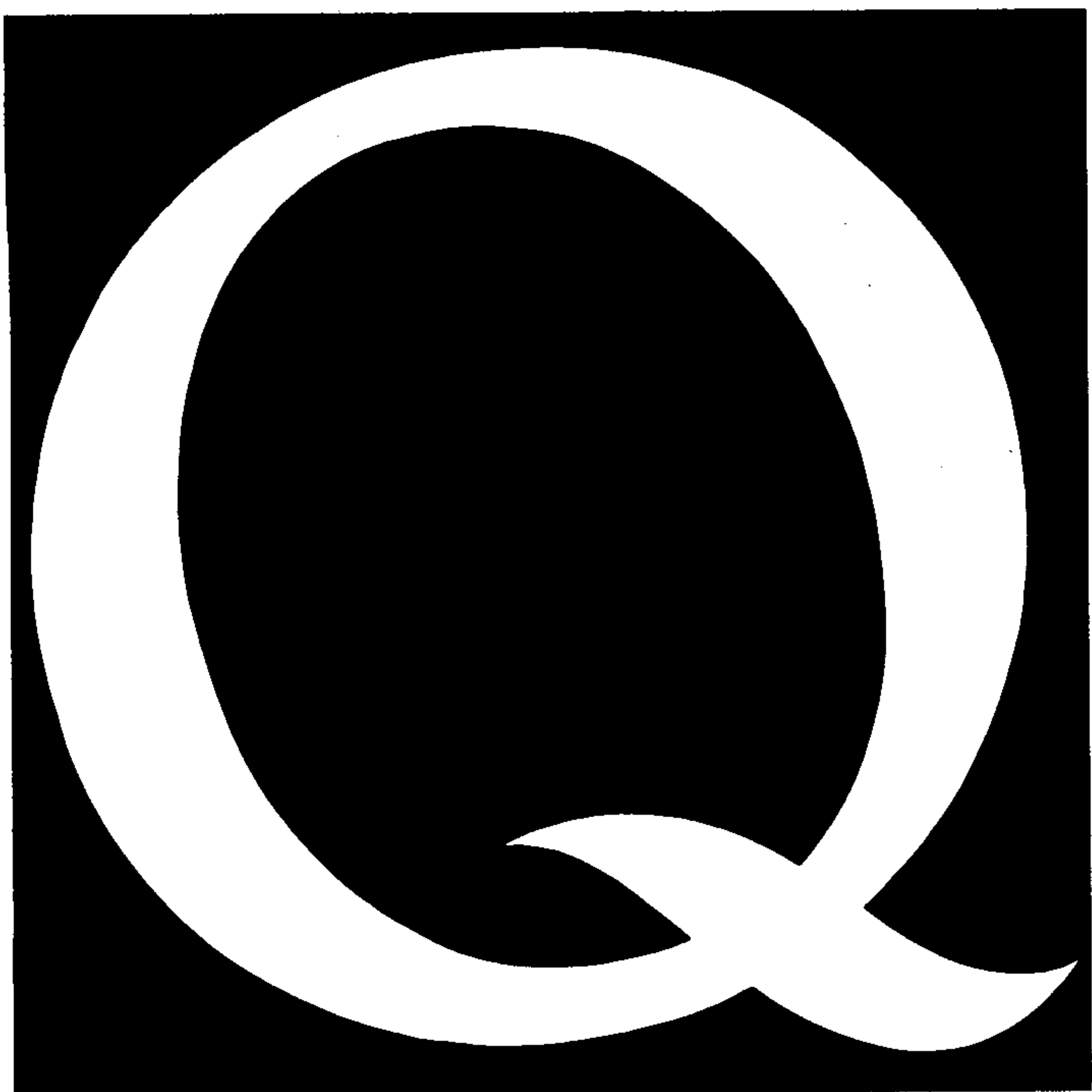
And of all sexual activities, unprotected anal intercourse presents the highest risk.

Even using a condom won't make it completely safe.

If you'd like more information about what's safe and what isn't, ring 0800 83 85 75.

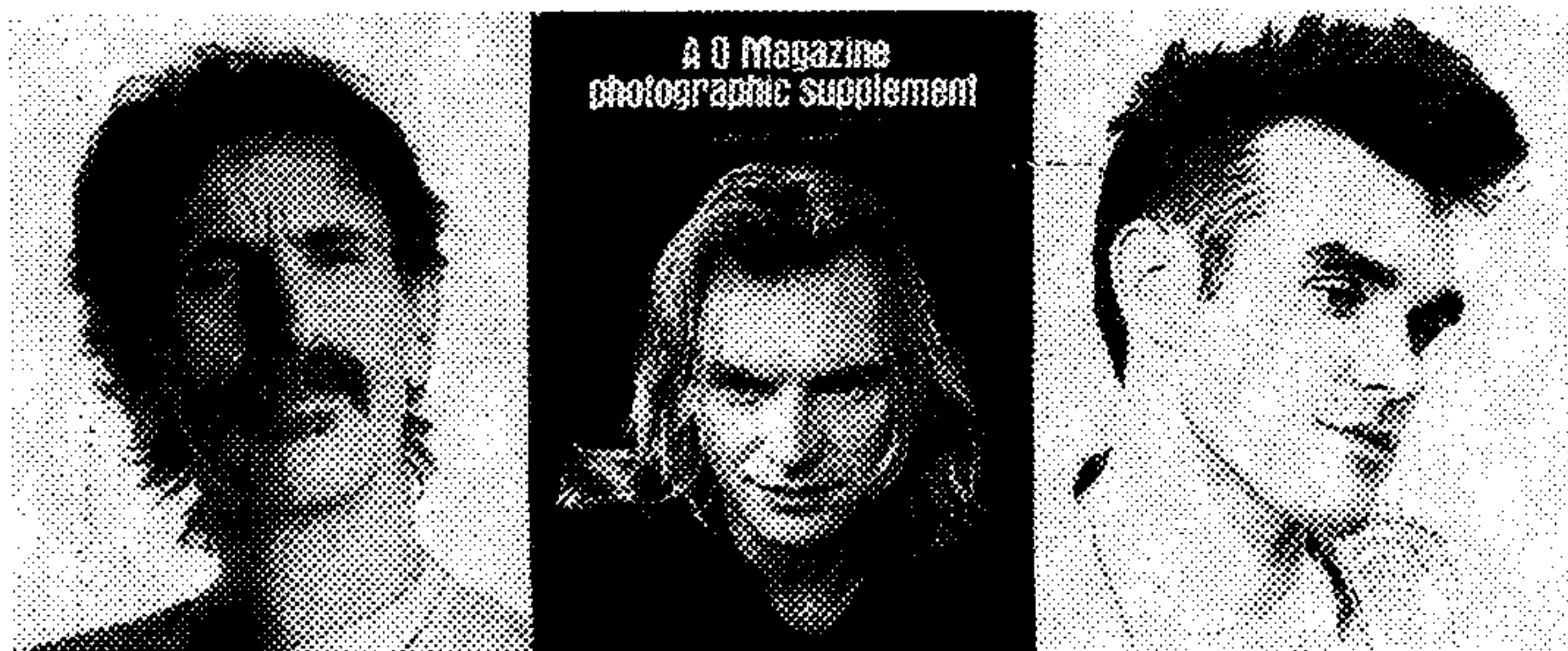
Lines are open from 4pm to 10pm daily. All calls are free of charge and completely confidential.





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ANDREW
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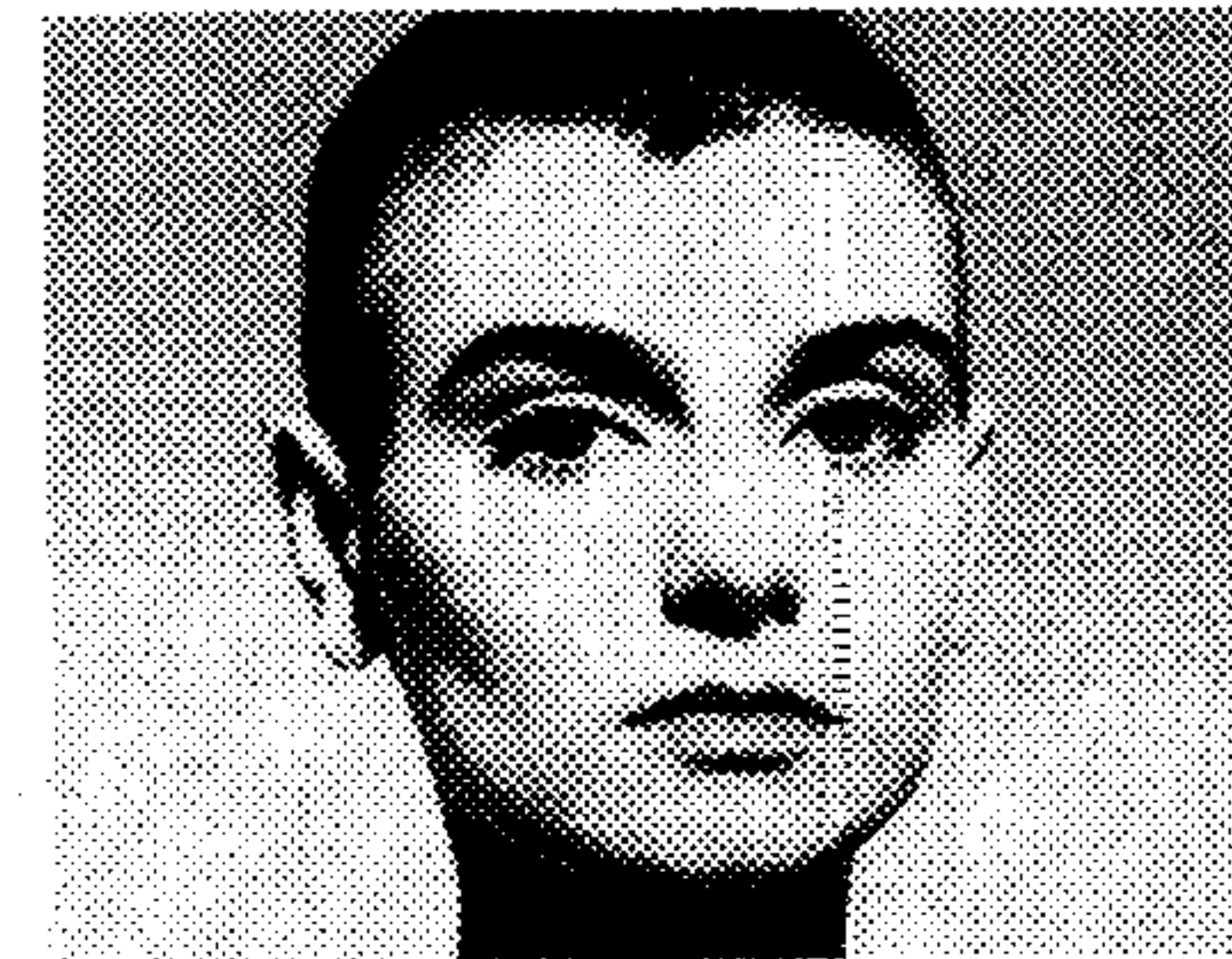
Who the hell does
he think he is?



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Put your hands together for...
ZIGGY STARDUST! THE THIN WHITE DUKE!
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DAVID BOWIE
in The Q Interview

CARMEL
I have
a dream...

...all this and Q REVIEW!
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LPs BOOKS VIDEOS & HI-FI

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Unique 32-page **COLOUR** photo supplement

A Q Magazine
photographic supplement

The modern guide to music and more

Gnome

IT is regrettable that the highly respected House of Gnomewort Benson should have been singled out for attack in the Government's recent report on the Harrods affair.

The Inspectors see fit to disparage their description of the brothers Fayed at the time of their attempted takeover "as those highly respectable Egyptian gentlemen with impeccable credentials".

It is perfectly true that Sir James Gnomewort swore an affidavit to the effect that Mr Mohammed Fayed was "the Old Etonian son of the late Duke of Rutland with a fortune conservatively estimated at £2000 million amassed by generations of diamond merchants and bespoke tailors in the souks of Tel Aviv".

But at the time he made the claim Sir James had every reason to believe that it was the truth, as he had been told it by no less a person than Mr Fayed himself.

E. Strobes
Gnomewort Benson
c/o 29b Laundry Street
Cairo
Egypt



HEIR OF SORROWS 2

(the book)

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AT THE centre of the Fayed scandal is the Thatcher Circle. From first to last, the generous approach of the Government to the Fayed brothers was inspired from 10 Downing St.

Thatcher herself met Mohamed Fayed in Downing St twice — in January and March 1985. He impressed her as an emissary from the Sultan of Brunei, who had just "saved the pound" by bringing his billions back into Britain. Fayed cemented the relationship by the methods he had perfected in Haiti. He employed Gordon Reece, the Prime Minister's adviser, who shared an office with Lord (Alastair) McAlpine, Tory Party treasurer. He donated a large sum to Tory funds (not unadjacent to £500,000). He hired Tim Bell (*see below*). By the time he put in his bid for Harrods, the word had gone out from No. 10 that he and his brothers were to be treated as "one of us".

Norman Tebbit, Secretary of State for Trade & Industry, who at that time did what he was told, obliged at once. The Monopolies Commission had already closed the bid for Harrods from Lonrho. Tebbit did not tell Lonrho of this decision for seven crucial days, during which the Fayed's bid was rushed through. Tebbit personally stopped the investigations into the Fayed's which had been started by Miss Llewellyn-Smith from the Office of Fair Trading. He took the word of the Fayed's own bankers that they were telling the truth. The only written evidence he had was of letters from Sunleys and Costains that the Fayed's had provided hundreds of millions of pounds worth of work in Dubai. This turned out to be grossly exaggerated. John Sunley and John Fryer, former managing director of Sunleys, play golf with Denis Thatcher at the world's most exclusive club, Lake Nona in Florida.

From first to last, the Fayed's policy of snuggling up to the Prime Minister's close colleagues (and the Tory Party) was rewarded by the utmost generosity from the Government. The only hostile action was the appointment of DTI inspectors shortly before the 1987 election. One of the inspectors was the brother of senior Tory Peter Brooke, later to become chairman of the Tory Party and currently Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. Who could have expected such a devastating report from such a man? The only comfort in it was the inspectors' failure to interview Tebbit.

So desperate were the Thatcher clique when they read the report that they promptly overruled Lord Young's "disposition" to publish it at once. The delay of two years has done no good, however. The report comes smack in the middle of Thatcher's darkest hour.

COLOUR SECTION

THE strangest claim in the Fayed affair was made by Norman Tebbit when he publicly wished he had known more of the truth about the liars.

Has Tebbit forgotten the meeting with Tiny Rowland and other members of the Lonrho Board, when they begged him, as Secretary of State for Industry, to listen to what they had to say about the source of the Fayed's money? On that occasion Norm was rather brusque. He gave the impression he wanted to get on with the deal. "Who cares where the money comes from?" he asked tetchily, reminding Tiny Rowland that he himself had sold shares to the Fayed's, which must have been a sign of confidence. This stung Tiny to an angry retort: "I suppose you wouldn't mind if the money came from the IRA." Tebbit, who had recently escaped death in the Brighton bomb, was not amused. He showed the Lonrho men the door.

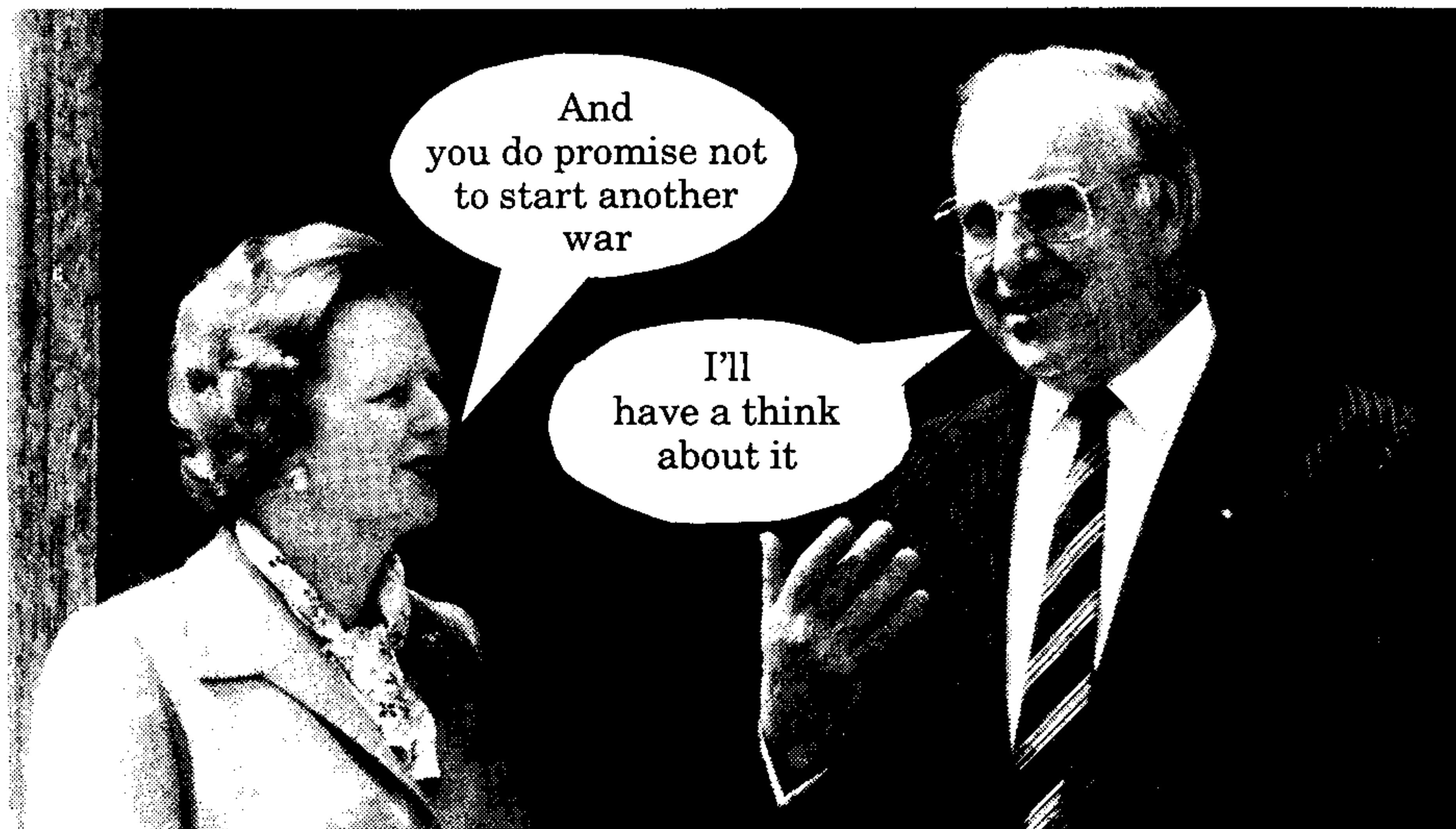
● More Harrods news pages 11 & 28.

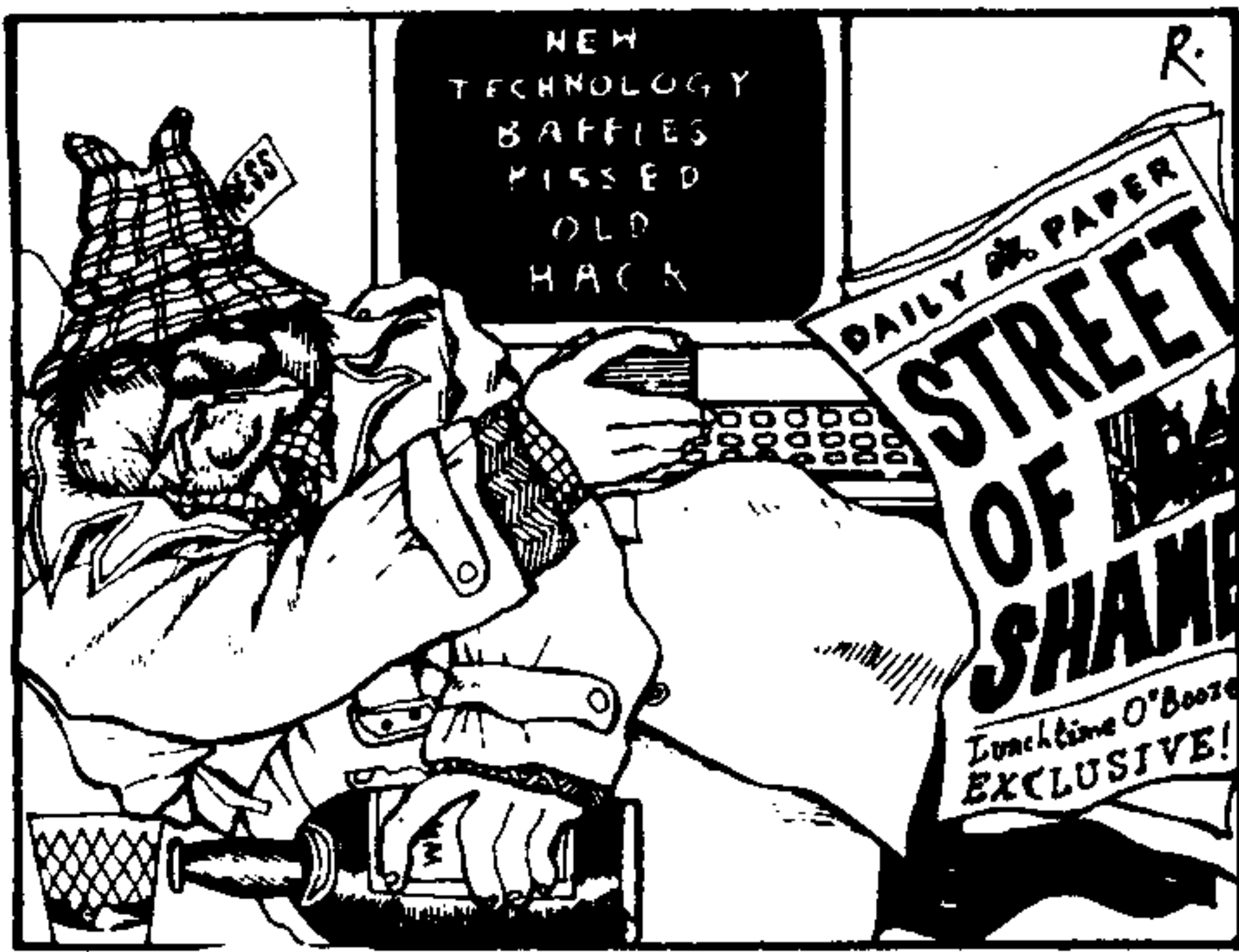
WORLD OF HYPE

THE world of hype is in the doldrums at present, but the prosperity of Tim Bell, the PM's favourite PR man, continues to grow. Even when he loses, he wins. Consider the case of the forthcoming campaign to privatise electricity.

Bell confidently touted for the enormous PR contract here, but to his consternation was defeated by his more experienced rivals, Dewe Rogerson. Yet out of this disappointment came an unexpected ray of light. Bell is to be paid a £325,000 a year retainer for "personal advice" to the Department of Energy. Why, when Dewe Rogerson are obviously capable of doing the job by themselves? The DoE (whose Secretary of State is John Wakeham, the most loyal Thatcherite in the Cabinet) now joins the long list of famous clients of Tim Bell: the Fayed's (Harrods), Jeffrey Sterling (P&O), Ralph Halpern (Burton), Arnold Weinstock (GEC) and Godfrey Bradman (Rosehaugh). Thanks to the government, Rosehaugh won the biggest property development contract in Britain — at Kings Cross — when everyone, including British Rail, which owns the land, expected it to go to Speyhawk.

There is, however, one loser in the Bell camp: his most colourful client, Ernest Saunders, who consulted Bell throughout the Guinness bid for Distillers.





THE antics of "Brute" Anderson, ugly associate editor of the *Sunday Torygraph*, continue to cause alarm among the rag's hackettes.

Following the Christmas party, at which a tired and emotional Anderson was rude to several female colleagues, he received a memo from editor Trevor Grove. "Your behaviour was — inadequate word — disgraceful, and disgraceful for the usual reason: you were drunk. We all like to drink, and we all get drunk from time to time, but you are no ordinary drinker. Even the term 'drunken monster' does not adequately describe the mood that overcomes you..."

The memo pointed out that persistent drunkenness is a sacking offence, but that the management recognised that "for an unfortunate few drink is a medical problem". It instructed Anderson to report to a Harley St address "for a full medical check up and psychiatric examination". It also asked Anderson to bring samples of "urine, stool, sperm (NB: samples to be kept separate). In the case of the sperm, it is imperative that you refrain from masturbation in the 24 hours before you produce the sample. I trust this will not unduly inconvenience you."

Anderson was livid and stormed into Grove's office brandishing the memo. When Grove saw it he kept a straight face and told Anderson that it was a serious matter. Anderson left Grove's office without realising what his editor had realised — that the memo was a hoax.

There has since been a further complaint about Anderson's boorish pestering of hackettes. Although she has not been a victim, Anthea Hall has written to Grove on behalf of all those who have come under Anderson's hands-on editorial supervision.

THE dreadful fire at the Sheraton Hotel in Cairo two weeks ago failed to shock visiting British fashion hackettes out of their usual prima-donna behaviour.

The fragrant ones — who were in the land of the pharaohs on a freebie to launch a new perfume — were ferried off to another hotel, the El Gezira, for one night before being flown back to England. But while rescue workers searched for bodies in the ruins, the ladies from the glossy mags had more serious matters on their minds.

One of their worries was the emergency clothing which the El Gezira gave them to wear on the journey home, consisting mainly of T-shirts and designer track suits. Ros Miles of *Cosmopolitan* took strong exception. "I won't be seen dead in yellow", she screeched. Diana Harris, from *Good Housekeeping*, refused to put on her T-shirt until a

pair of shoulder pads had been sewn into it.

The most persistent offender was *Options* editor Jo Foley. At breakfast she sent her eggs back, complaining that they were not quite cooked *à point*. She also harangued a woman from the British Embassy for taking half an hour to find someone who could photograph the hackettes for their temporary passports. "Don't they have photo booths in Egypt?" Foley demanded haughtily.

Friday morning dawned and the thankful Egyptians drove the harpies to the airport. But there was time for one more scene. Foley, Harris and Miles held up the plane's departure by refusing to travel in economy class, after a steward explained that first-class was fully booked. The hackettes delayed take-off for 45 minutes with increasingly loud tantrums, until there was a hurried reshuffle of the seating arrangements and the *grandes dames* of British fashion were able to travel home in the style to which they are accustomed.

ROBERT MAXWELL was in vintage form in his interview with Hugo Young in the *Grauniad* last week. As well as implying that he was more or less leader of the Labour Party — "my way of running the Labour Party is now very, very successful" — the Fat Man claimed that his forelock-tugging hagiographies of East European dictators had been much misrepresented. He said his books always included disclaimers which made it clear that he was only "giving these men their say" and "should not be taken as agreeing with them".

This was not so. For example, Cap'n Bob's foreword to his volume on Todor Zhivkov explained that the book was intended "to give the English-speaking reader the opportunity to learn of the heroic struggle of the Bulgarian people to free themselves from German occupation and to build a prosperous and happy nation under the leadership of the Bulgarian Communist Party and its General Secretary Todor Zhivkov".

Hardly a "disclaimer".

The fat oaf also boasted to Young that he had been courted by Dr Death in the early days of the SDP. Death had sent a message saying "We'd like you to be one of the leaders of the party". If Young had rung Owen's office he would have found that no such request had been made. Maxwell's memory is playing tricks with him again.

PS. When the Harrods report was published last week, the *Daily Maxwell* eccentrically chose to attack not the Fayed, but the DTI inspectors for daring to criticise the Egyptians. Its leader, written by the great man himself, complained that the DTI men had acted as "judge, jury and executioner". There was no "natural justice" in these inquiries, he said.

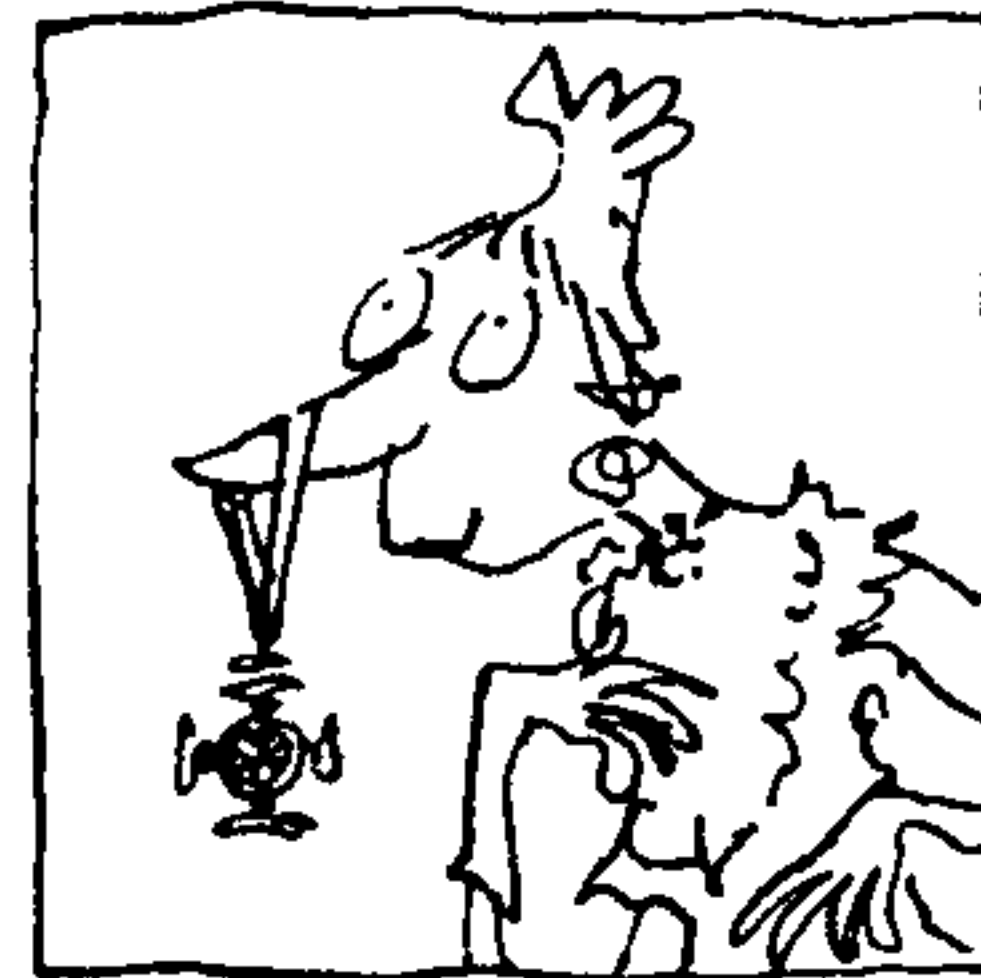
Maxwell is certainly in a position to know. In 1971 a Department of Trade inquiry, not unlike that published last week, concluded that Robert Maxwell "is not in our opinion a person who can be relied upon to exercise proper stewardship of a publicly-quoted company".

OAFISH *Getsmuchworse* features editor Craig "bouncing bog brush" MacKenzie has claimed another victim — gorgeous, pouting Philippa Kennedy, who was, until last week, star feature writer at the Blackfriars Lubianka.

Impatient for the prima donna to finish writing a piece about Rosie Barnes MP, Craig yelled: "Fucking get on with it!" Swearing is banned at the *Express*, and Kennedy haughtily demanded an



O.B.N.



TO get MAGGIE's choice of Great British Music for the Brits, I went to No 10 Downing Street.

It was my first real meeting with her and one of the most interesting mornings of my life.

"What a delightful waistcoat," she said as we were shaking hands. "Where did you buy it?"

"Harrods," I replied.

"Oh, was it on sale?" she asked with a hint of a twinkle in her eyes.

That was my first surprise. She has a lovely sense of humour.

She's smaller and more frail than I expected — also softer and more attractive...

... My feeling as I left the home of the nation's leader for centuries past was that, whether you agree with her policies or not, Maggie is an extraordinary, charismatic lady.

JONATHAN KING
Sun

Submitted by Ian Joliffe.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

apology. Craig repeated his advice. A frank exchange of views ensued, which ended with the distressed girl, in floods of tears, handing in her notice to *Getsmuchworse* editor Nick Lloyd.

Kennedy naturally expected Lloyd to beg her to stay, kick the uncouth MacKenzie up the backside for being so horribly rude, etc, etc. On circa £50,000 a year, she had assumed she was being groomed as the next Jean Rook. Imagine poor Philly's surprise, then, when the tearstained resignation letter was accepted with alacrity!

Lloyd, a bit of a smoothie himself, is actually a great admirer of loutish MacKenzie's brutal way with hackettes. Could this be because, married to Sunday Maxwell editor Eve Bollard, he has quite enough of overbearing females at home?

Kennedy, however, has an equally formidable spouse — an Army major who was formerly in the SAS. Friends have advised Bogbrush against making any trips to Gibraltar in the near future.

WHEN they signed their indescribablypious "code of practice" last November, Fleet Street editors promised that they would all appoint "readers' representatives". Whatever one thinks of the quality of the "representatives" chosen so far — clapped out lawyers, academics and editors — most newspapers have at least seen the need for their ombudsmen to have a semblance of independence.

No such delicate considerations appear to have entered the head of Lord Rothermere, proprietor of Associated Newspapers. He has just announced that the ombudsman for the *Daily Fester* and *Fester on Sunday* will be Chris Rees — who is currently deputy editor of the *FoS*. Meanwhile the "readers' representative" at Associated's *Evening Sinkingstandard*, is to be one Vyvyan Harmsworth. He, too, is hardly "independent" of Associated Newspapers; he is already employed by the group as deputy director of corporate affairs. By a remarkable coincidence, he is also Lord Rothermere's cousin.

PS: The ex-saintly Andreas Whittam Strobes was the man who instigated the "code of practice". Yet, strangely, his *Indescribablyboring* has still not appointed an ombudsman, while all its rivals have.



THE FUTURE of East-West relations may well be the most important subject in the world. Indeed, when the Commons last debated the matter, the elder statesmen from the back-benches, including Denis Healey and Grocer Heath, made speeches. But on a Thursday evening with a one-line whip and the prospect of a long weekend beckoning, MPs have better things to do than discuss the most important issue in the world.

So when at 8.30 pm Belfast South MP Martin Smyth rose to speak there were just four Tory back-benchers in the chamber, three Labour and two Liberals. Tory Sir William Clark, who was snoring away contentedly, summed up admirably the kind of Parliamentary democracy that Thatcher wants to export to the countries of Eastern Europe.

AS THE Third World starves and Eastern Europe seeks Western credit to develop capitalist democracies, Tory MP and saloon-bar philosopher Anthony Beaumont-Dark has put his priorities in order: "Quite frankly, I'd rather waste money on the Third World than on the Fourth Reich."

TORY MPs are puzzled at the ease with which Mo Mowlam, Labour's spokesperson on financial affairs, has been seducing the minds of City experts over a series of gargantuan lunches at which the wine flows freely.

Mo's secret, according to Labour MPs, lies in her openly tactile approach and cunning use of body language. Colleagues are nevertheless puzzled that City journalists consistently describe Mo, who is a pretty run-of-the-mill sort of person, as "much admired", "highly intelligent" and "bright".

Backbiter is anxious to deny reports that such praise owes anything to briefings by Labour's PR chief Peter Mandelson, who went on holiday with Mo. They really are just good friends. Besides, Peter is a confirmed bachelor. But Mo has the guarantee of that protection which Peter provides for senior members of Labour's establishment, including himself. His great fear at the moment is that the tabloids will find out that Mo has run off with Indie hack Colin Hughes, leaving Hughes's wife and two small children distraught.

Mandelson is so determined to improve Mo's rough, tough image that he now tells journalists that upwardly mobile Mo wishes henceforth to be referred to as "Marjorie". MPs are falling about at the idea that Mo now considers herself to be a lady.

JOHN "Bonkers" Smith MP (see *Eyes passim*), the former military policeman and winner of the Vale of Glamorgan, is shrewder than many people think.

When he first entered Parliament other MPs asked him to sign passes for their researchers because they'd used up their allocation. This is, of course, strictly forbidden, as was made clear after an incident involving a famous call girl.

When "Bonkers" recently wanted to get a pass for one of his own researchers he called at the office of the Serjeant at Arms, only to be told that his allocation had been used up.

According to "Bonkers", the person he spoke to in the Serjeant at Arms's office suggested he should get another MP, whose allocation had not been used up, to sign for his researcher.

Somewhere in the dark recesses of "Bonkers" brain a gorgeous, pouting image began to stir. It was that of Pamela Bordes, the onetime lover of Fleet Street's finest and former Commons researcher, who brought the passes issue to prominence.

"Bonkers" asked a colleague what he should do. The MP, who unknown to "Bonkers" happened to be on the committee set up to oversee these matters, exploded.

"Bonkers" is PPS to Labour's deputy leader Roy Fattersley.

MPs were surprised to overhear a conversation between Roland Boyes, one of Labour's shadow defence spokesmen, and Charles Clarke, who is chief political adviser to Kinnochio. Boyes told Clarke in the most pleasant manner possible that he was finding it difficult to get in to see Kinnock to show him some photographs he'd taken.

Clarke, who must have been under some kind of stress, replied: "You fucking liar. You're a fucking liar. I'm fed up with people like you. Any front-bencher can see Neil at any time." Shurely no way to address one of Neil's most loyal and devoted supporters.

KINNOCHIO's PPS, East Kilbride MP Adam Ingram, has been suffering from selective amnesia in a recent interview given to *The House Magazine*.

Describing his political affiliations in the late 1960s, he explained: "I wasn't a Labour Party member at the time but I joined NALGO. Within months I was heavily involved and became branch secretary of one of the biggest branches in Scotland."

He forgot to mention that he was also a fanatical Trotskyist and a supporter of Gerry Healy's spartist Socialist Labour League (SLL), the forerunner to the Workers' Revolutionary Party.

Mr. Tony Banks (Newham, North-West): As you are aware, Mr. Speaker, from time to time the opportunity arises for hon. Members of all parties to earn an honest crust outside this place. I have an opportunity to get myself a fiver. It arises from an offer made in *Private Eye*. If someone can find out who is circulating copies of a Central Office publication on the National Health Service, called "Our Ace of Hearts", using House of Commons stationery, which is something upon which you, Mr. Speaker, have remarked in the past, which is being circulated in West Sussex, *Private Eye* will pay a fiver. I should like you to order an inquiry so that we can find out who—

Mr. Speaker: Order.

Mr. Banks: —and I shall share the fiver with you, Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Speaker: Order. It is some time since I have seen that admirable publication. I do not know anything about that matter.

Hansard 22.2.90

AS THE government ponders the gloomy news conveyed by ex-civil servant John Palmer (see last *Eye*), now head of BR's Channel Tunnel Rail Link Operation, that the link is impossible without massive public funding, one overrated Thatcher minion, Michael Portillo, must be sweating profusely.

Portillo it was, as number two at the Department of Transport, who had the idea for a brand new and completely private railway line to link up with the Chunnel and pave the way for a private BR. His first move (in the autumn of 1988) was to push BR out of the Rail Link altogether. Six months later, when costs had trebled, BR was "encouraged" (ie ordered) to join forces with Trafalgar House and BICC in a joint venture (Eurorail) on a 50-50 basis. Now, according to John Palmer, BR's private sector partners would, if pushed, be prepared to finance up to 10 per cent of the pro-

ject, provided they are allowed to make a killing out of building the new line.

This isn't much of a story for a private enterprise fanatic like Portillo who is a regular guest of "libertarian" (extreme right-wing) David Hart at his Suffolk Mansion. Portillo might be losing his job at the Ministry and his seat at Hart's sumptuous table.

HOW A COMMITTEE WORKS: PT. 3

BATTERED, bruised, but essentially what the Government wanted all along, the Broadcasting Bill has emerged from 10 weeks in committee.

The man charged with keeping Government troops present and largely silent through 35 hot and sweaty sessions was ruddy-faced Solihull solicitor, John Taylor.

Each day he carefully colour-coded the attendance chart as his charges filed in and promptly filed out again to make urgent phone calls. At one stage there were only five forlorn figures on the Government benches. Impish Tony "Instant Whip" Banks slipped from the Labour backbenches to yell "Division in 10" along the bustling corridor outside. Within moments the doorway was crammed with timorous Tories. A red-faced Ted "Tiny" Rowlands (Merthyr Tydfil and Rhymney) was caught short by the wheeze halfway to the loo.

"I must remember that one," grimaced Taylor. "I've been trying to get the bastards in for 20 minutes".

Later he explained his sophisticated technique for ensuring attendance: "If any of the buggers go AWOL they get a bollocking". He was willing to accept a "pair" from any of the opposition members on the committee, but said that were Dennis "Beast of Bolsover" Skinner to offer him a pair, he would regard it as "mischievous". Said Taylor: "He's been known to pair with two Tories and then turn up to vote when they've gone home".

There were more revelations from porcine minister David Mellor when the debate eventually got down to discussing the role of Rees-Mogg's taste and decency squad, the Broadcasting Standards Council.

"I attended a performance of *Prince Igor* the other night, which I very much enjoyed. I probably enjoyed it more because of the bare-breasted maidens in the production", he chortled.

Later, not to be left fuckless by fellow Chelsea fan Tony Banks, who managed to notch up three f-words in the course of a short speech opposing the BSC, Mellor managed to get one into his defence of that august body.

The minister joined in the hilarity when Bill "Name Tapes" Cash demanded tough action against the Comic Strip's mock Hollywood version of the death of the GLC. "It showed the Prime Minister at 9 pm — a time when young children could be watching", he intoned to guffaws.

Chairman Sir Michael Shaw acted to cut short further tittering as Diane Abbott quoted a school teacher on a Panorama programme: "Schoolboys have at least 12 different names for penis. A winkle is a popular one. And we all know that testicles are called balls".

The erratic pace of the committee stage meant that TV cameras were seldom present for the comedy turns that punctuated debate on a complex and badly drafted Bill. After Easter the Lords get their chance to up the ratings when the Bill gets an action replay.

'Backbiter'

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH





WHILE Pamella Bordes is taking "singing lessons" in Florida with her new friend Julio Iglesias, she is not forgotten on this side of the Atlantic. Pammy has given a long interview to *Harpers & Queen* in which, among other things, she sheds interesting new light on the behaviour of Stuart White, the *News of the Screws* hack who recently described in the High Court how he "made his excuses and left" after offering to pay her for sex.

How much of this will actually get into print is another matter. The magazine's lawyers are rather jumpy about Pamella's claims, and the interview may have to be severely "edited". Still, there are some extremely fetching photographs of her by my chum David Bailey to fill the gaps.

I FEAR my fastidious chum Brian Sewell is becoming forgetful. In a recent lengthy piece in the *Sunday Correspondinglyboring*, the great art critic wrote fulsomely on the theme of sex and guilt. Curiously, he omitted to mention those heady days when he was known as "Lady Blunt" and appeared on the doorstep of the old traitor's flat to remonstrate with the unkind hacks who had camped out there.



● I AM worried about my old chum David Leitch. Recently he turned up in Bucharest to do some background research for a novel. He bore an assignment letter from Rosie Boycott, who is an editor at *Harpers & Queen*, and, coincidentally, his wife.

Leitch, who was once pursued in the *Eye* over a debt by means of a full-page ad showing his photo with the caption "Wanted: Drunk or Sober", had to be sent home for medical reasons. Fellow hack Alan Williams kindly arranged for Leitch's modest US\$2,800 bar bill to be sent to the *Grauniad*, for whom he was filing reports.

MY FRIEND Andrew "Brillo Pad" Neill has been pondering life after the *Sunset Times*. He was offered the editorship of *The Times* by our mutual chum Andrew Knight, but turned it down.

Andrew confides that he desperately wants to edit the *Financial Times*.

A few weeks ago, he was interviewed for the media page of the *Indescribablyboring*, and let slip that this was his secret ambition. Later he had second thoughts and phoned once-saintly *Indie* editor Andreas Whittam-Strobes to insist that there had been some misunderstanding.

Pseud's Corner

"I went to have dinner with some friends last week," said [Fay] Maschler. "Well, I thought they were friends, but they put flour in the sauce! They're not friends any more." And she meant it. Even Crompton-Batt thought this was over the top.

Sunday Times Magazine

The RSC run of my translation of *Electra*, directed by Deborah Warner and starring Fiona Shaw, is coming to a close. I have seen it four times and still it makes me cry.

KENNETH MCLEISH
Guardian

RUSSIA

John Kaye (our first USSR reporter) has been heliskiing in Gadauri in Georgia and found the snow perfect.

Independent

"Goodness knows what drives me, but I do know that some of us are chosen to do what we do. I feel I am here on this Earth to sing."

SARAH BRIGHTMAN
Daily Mail

"Even as a child, I had this personal relationship with the Virgin Mary. I felt I could talk to her. She was not this hallowed figure."

ARIANNA STASSINOPOULOS
Harpers & Queen

America is fascinated by the family. Given the country's history, how could it be otherwise? It came into being by acting out its very own Oedipus legend. It slew its father (the Red Indians) and married its mother (the land). Then a little later, it blinded itself by creating that blinkered dreamland we call Hollywood.

NIGEL ANDREWS
Financial Times

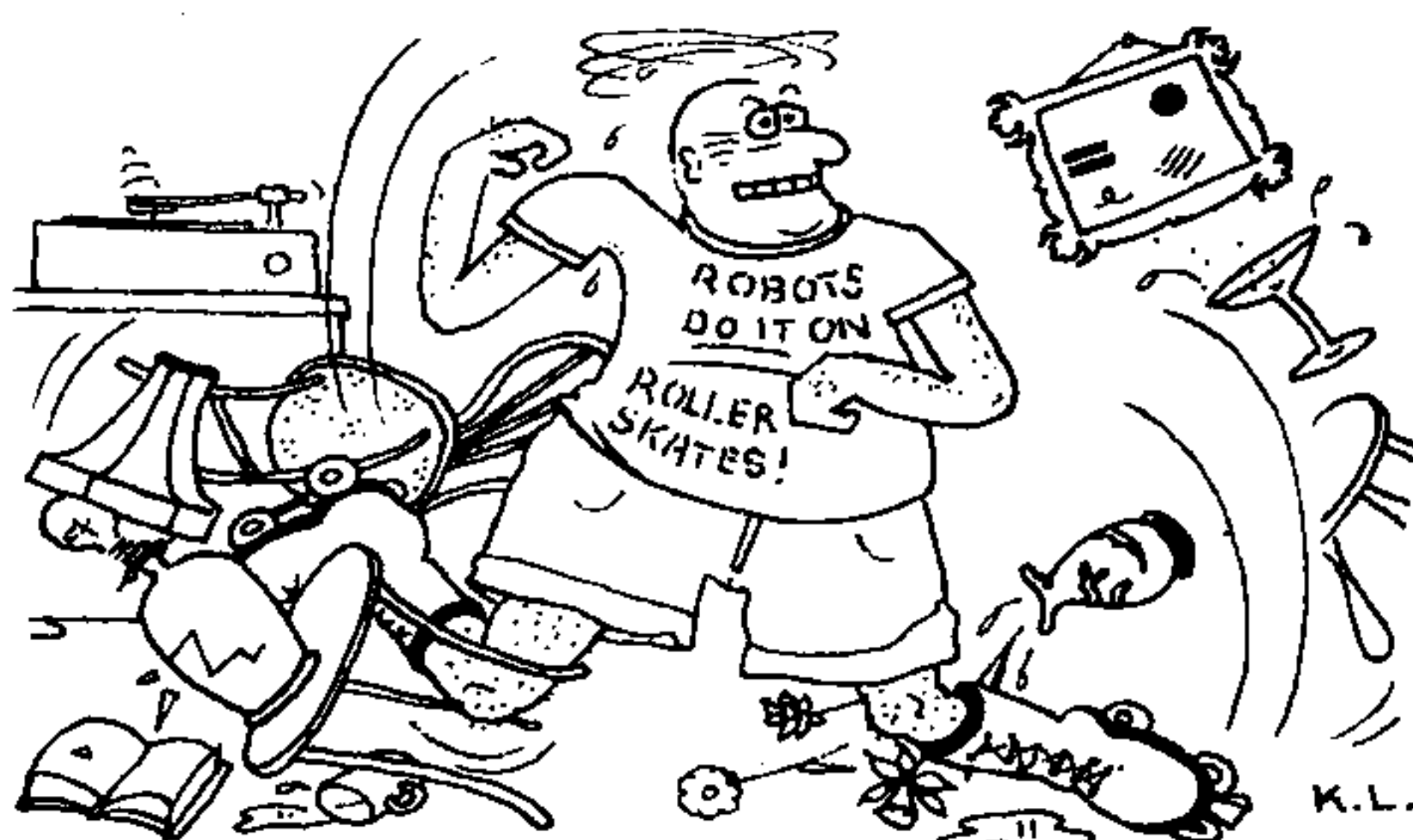
Taken into the purview of aesthetic enquiry are existing debates, the wherewithal of divergent traditions and, for those battling with indigenism, the entirety and range offer themselves as sounding boards of subject matter, formal device and attitude.

It is indeed a conscious and vehement intervention into a cross-cultural base of ideas.

ROSHAN SHAHANI
Times of India

I am a journalist, a businessman, a civil servant. It is more fun and more interesting and one can contribute more fully to the national debate."

PETER JAY
7 Days



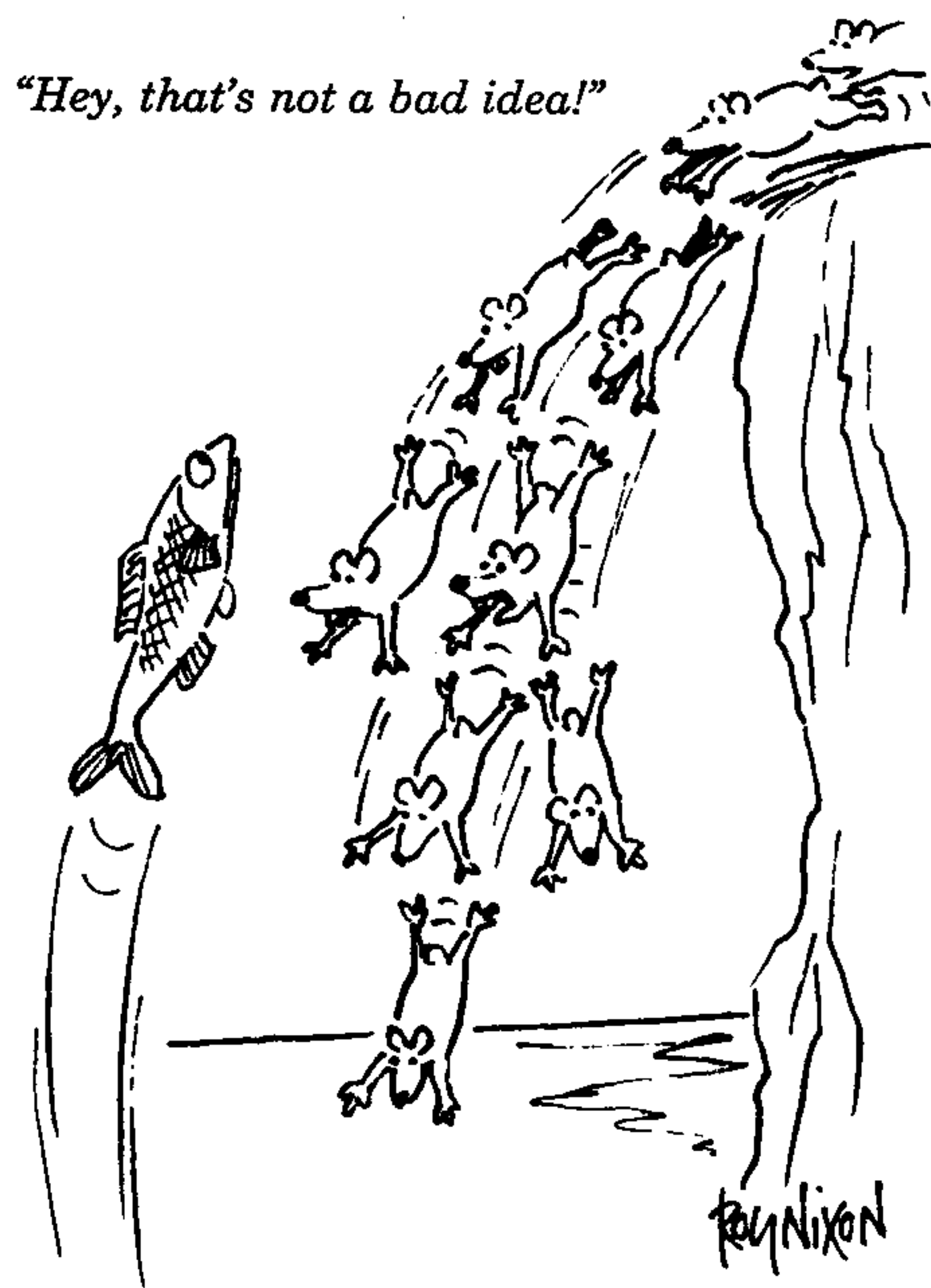
Sometimes I put Philip Glass on the turntable and go round and round the flat on roller-skates, doing my robotics.

STEVEN BERKOFF
Sunday Times

CONTRIBUTORS: E.E. Rees, Jamie Hepburn, Julian Evans, Anon, Mrs L. Hall, Patrick Ford, Christine Pemberton, Anon, E. Strobes.

£10 paid for entries

"Hey, that's not a bad idea!"



IS Paddington Bear a homosexualist? My furry chum's private life has, alas, come under scrutiny from Messrs Sue, Grabbit & Runne. The *Sinkingstandard's* Londoner's Diary has received a letter threatening libel proceedings from solicitors representing the Michael Bond Publishing Company and Collins.

Collins have taken exception to a diary item headed "Bear Necessity" in which Paddy was described as "one of Nature's confirmed bachelors" and an "ursine C.S. Lewis".

This outrageous smear, say Collins, has harmed their business. I trust Londoner will supply an apology and undertaking not to repeat the libel forthwith.

HOW pleasing to hear from her own mouth that Tessa Sanderson was not motivated by a desire for money in pursuing her recent libel claim against the *Sunday Maxwell* and *The Peephole*, for which a jury awarded her £30,000.

What was not revealed at the trial was the fact that Ms Sanderson's solicitors had sought damages of first £100,000 and then later £75,000, and had refused to accept the £20,000 that the paper had paid into court.

● THE patriotism of my old friend Captain Robert Maxwell MC is unparalleled, as is his championship of our valiant security services.

When Ken Livingstone was writing a column for Cap'n Bob's *London Daily News* he was given free rein to write on any subject without any risk of interference from the proprietor. Until, that is, he wrote an article in 1987 attacking MI5 over the Colin Wallace affair. This was evidently too much for Cap'n Bob, who told him that he would not tolerate attacks upon the integrity of MI5 in his paper. Red Ken was dismissed and paid off a week before the LDN went down with all hands.

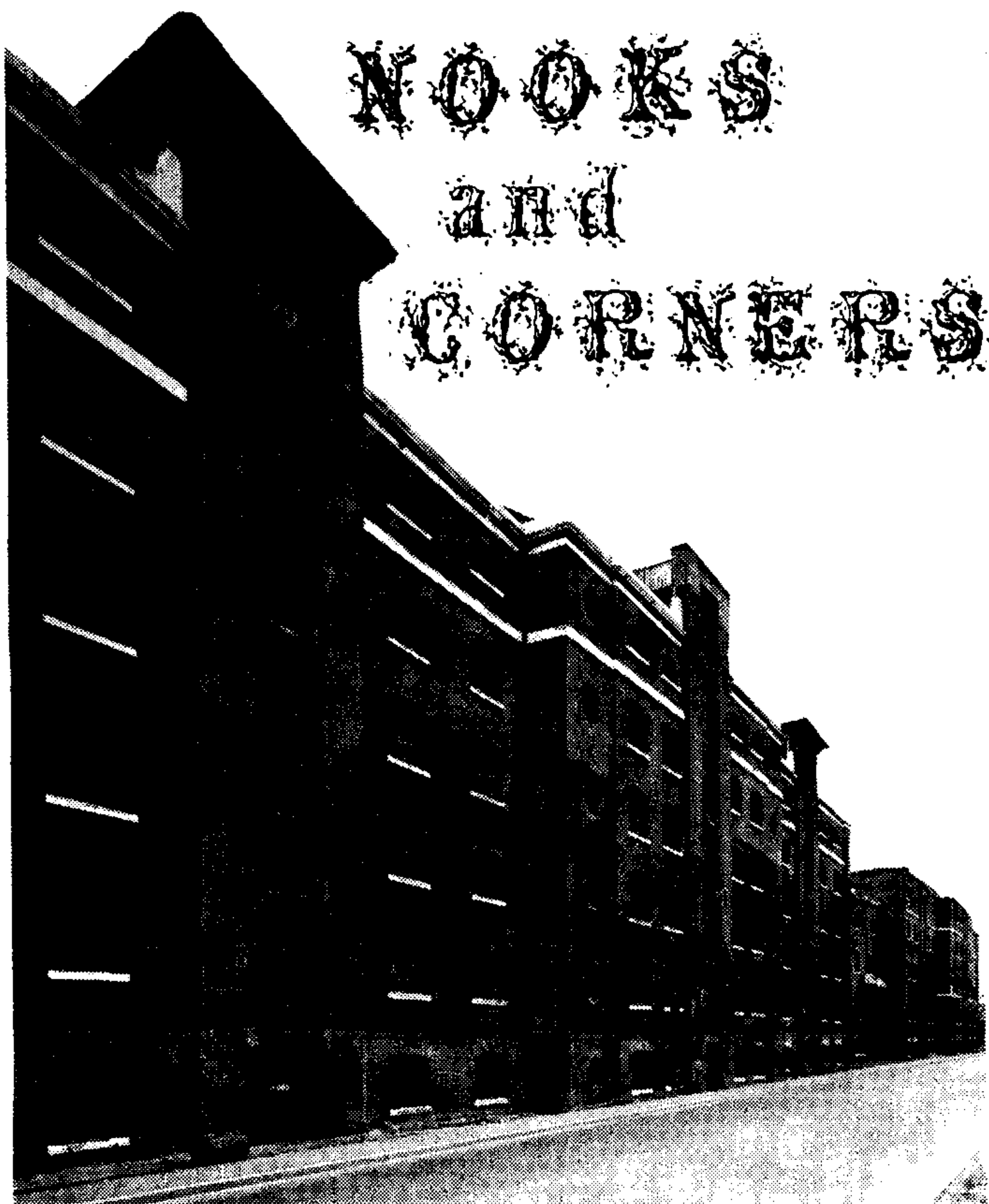
TAKING a break in St Moritz, whom do I spy on the slopes but my old friend, burly red-faced Peter McHackey of the *Sinkingstandard*.

Who is the gorgeous creature at his side as he hurtles on the piste?

It is hard to tell, even through my high-powered binoculars. But it is clearly not Mrs Carla "Doxy" McHackey.

Pip Pip!

NOOKS and CORNERS



WHAT IS our "heritage"? Surely more than just whatever is pretty, pompous or ancient, like country houses and parish churches. If the word means anything serious it must also encompass buildings that are less glamorous and yet testify to the unique pioneering industrial history of these islands: structures that may be gaunt and utilitarian, yet still sublime.

To represent the growth of London into a great port and capital of Empire, the docks down the Thames are surely quite as important as, say, the Nash terraces of Regent's Park. Yet where

are they now? St Katherine's Dock, the work of Telford, has largely disappeared. The North Stacks of London Dock, the great warehouses by Daniel Asher Alexander that once lined Pennington Street, have all gone — some by fire, others thanks to Peter Shore, onetime Secretary of State for the Environment who, as MP for Stepney & Poplar, was anxious to encourage local employment. Or so he thought, for Fortress Wapping now disfigures the site. Alexander's remarkable Tobacco Dock survives, but is now vulgarised as a shopping centre.

As authentic monuments in the "Functional Tradition" to proclaim the enterprise and resourcefulness of Late Georgian London, we now have only the warehouses of West India Dock.

Designed by George Gwilt and built in 1799-1802, these are listed Grade 1 — the highest accolade. When the great German architect Karl Friedrich Schinkel toured Britain in 1827, he was more impressed by new and innovative industrial structures than by anything else, so, naturally, he visited and sketched the West India Dock: "... beautiful plan... warehouses of iron and wood, beautifully made roof..."

The No.1 Warehouse, a multi-storey block with cast iron stanchions, was described in 1986 as "probably the most important surviving historic industrial building in Dockland". It was then hoped that it might become the home of the Museum of London's Docklands Museum. But such things naturally do not happen in Mrs Thatcher's Britain, nor in her planning-free enterprise zone administered by the London Docklands Development Corporation.

Land is money, and, immediately to the south, in the middle of what was once the West India Dock, there is Canary Wharf. Here is rising that terrifying, American-designed and financed development which will be the principal monument to Mrs Thatcher's Reich. So Gwilt's warehouses have been sold to the Reichman Brothers of Toronto, a.k.a. Olympia and York. With their catchy new name of "Port East" they are to be made into prestige offices.

Such a pity that early warehouses, with their deep floors and low ceilings, are not really suitable for modern commercial accommodation, as well as being grim and forbidding. But the clever Canadian architects for the "conversion", Messrs Zeigler Roberts, can soon remedy that. To make the buildings "festive", with three floors of shops and wine-bars, "atria" are to be inserted in four of seven blocks. Many of the floors are simply to be removed; a new eastern glazed entrance will enhance No.1 Warehouse, the best and least altered; roof-lights will puncture the roofs and blind windows will be opened and filled, not with the iron grilles that cover the original windows, but with single sheets of plate glass, so that nobody could possibly mistake these lovely Heritage Conversions for shabby old warehouses. Finally, to add insult to injury, the relationship with the waterside that

Schinkel so admired will be enhanced by the erection of a new High Tech building by "Nick" Grimshaw. No Grade I listed church or house would be treated so ruthlessly. The very idea of converting these noble relics of the Industrial Revolution is scandalously misconceived. Yet what are those stalwart guardians of historic architecture, English Heritage, doing to save them from a gratuitous mutilation that will render them but vulgar travesties? Why, so far, practically nothing.

Listing, of course, should not stand in the way of commerce. Over this, both Labour and Conservative politicians are happy to agree. On the corner of South Road and the High Street in dreary Southall stands the Three Horseshoes pub, a jolly building in the style of Norman Shaw designed in 1922 by H.T. Nowell Parr. Neo-Tudor pubs are, of course, just as much part of the inter-war "heritage" as flat-roofed modern houses, so, at the recommendation of English Heritage, the Department of the Environment listed the boozer last November.

Oops. The DoE had not noticed that there is an exciting scheme by St Modwen Properties for redeveloping a 10-acre site along South Road as "The Village" with flats, offices and a 60,000 sq. ft. shopping mall. The Labour majority on Ealing Borough Council is thoroughly in favour of this, hoping it might help them win the next local elections.

Unfortunately, two pubs are in the way (as is old Southall Town Hall). So Ealing appealed against the listing of the Three Horseshoes, arguing that it is not Parr's best pub — which is like saying that St Martin's, Ludgate, is not Wren's best City church, so it can come down. But, ever anxious to oblige, the DoE promptly "de-listed" the listed building on 13 February. How very kind.

'Piloti'



BEHIND THE SCENES

IT'S NICE to know that poor Andrew Lloyd Webber has a staunch champion in the *Daily Mail*. First Jack Tinker gushed over Sarah Brightman's evening of hubby's tiresome songs, to be followed by Baz Bamigboye's savaging of the Olivier Awards, for which *Aspects of Love* had (rightly) not received a single nomination.

Fact 1: Tinkerbell had a special invitation to review the Brightman show before other critics.

Fact 2: Bambi-boy wrote a gushing full-page piece about Sarah in LA, following an invitation from the Really Useful Group.

Why such cosiness between the *Daily Fester* and Really Useless? Perhaps Sir David English can explain.

ROTTEN BOROUGH BIRMINGHAM

THE incompetent councillors controlling Birmingham's children's homes are growing ever-more desperate in their attempts to stem leaks to the Eye.

Social workers were revealed (*Eyes passim*) to have physically and sexually abused disturbed children committed to their "care".

Our last report, that neighbours living near one home saw children stripped naked and washed outdoors winter and summer, has prompted a major inquiry.

But the management has avoided stumbling on the shoplifting gang that operated from another home and from which the officer in charge was extracting a rake-off as the price of her silence.

Staff who gave a girl a bath and sent her back to bed after she was raped by a fellow resident in another home are still working — after being reprimanded and offered extra "training".

The department has suspended at least two more officers, but not the managers who allowed all these people to remain in post for years, despite knowing of their behaviour.

Last week Gerry Moore, the chairman of the sub-committee which runs the homes, launched a vitriolic but misplaced attack on a fellow member, whom he accused of contacting the press. An emo-

tional Moore seemed to have mixed up his committees, making the attack in a meeting about old folks' homes.

He would do better to look at his own senior officers, whose desperation to improve the situation is driving them into the arms of the press.

As the mole-hunt is stepped up, the child victims of years of neglect and abuse are being ignored. About 40 children, who nearly two years ago were promised "substantial compensation" for violence and sexual humiliations, have still not had a penny.



TIME

Airline

BBC-2

MORE than once during the BBC's extended puff for British Airways, this viewer has had need of the sick bag. The white, waxed sick bag with the BA logo on the front, to be precise. The airline's name appears with a frequency only otherwise seen at sponsored sports events.

"A series of films on British Airways and its rivals in the Nineties," announces the puff for Laurence Rees's series. The treatment of the rivals is awaited with interest. Will they be dealt with as softly as was BA in the opening programme? If they are not, the entire cost of the production should be met by Lord King ("Mrs Thatcher's favourite entrepreneur," as the commentary reminds

us) from his advertising budget.

There was a whiff of dissent in the first episode, in which a BA 747 with 327 souls abroad flew to Sydney with a BBC crew alongside the flight one. The content of Michael Dean's commentary differed at no important point from that which might back a promotional film — "BA captains are entitled to the best hotels around the world..." for example — but there was a hint that they did not necessarily earn such pampered relaxation during the flight. Hand-flown only until Clacton, the plane looked after itself until 12 seconds above the Australian tarmac. Slumped over the controls like indolent disc jockeys, the crew would occasionally take a call from Philippe in Paris or Mehmet in Kabul, asking them to state their position, but otherwise it was sandwiches, cornflakes and small-talk. The programme also established that, far from the Right Stuff, ideal pilots are placid chartered accountant types.

Although exposing the commercial fliers as closer to Richard Briers than Tom Cruise, the film otherwise avoided any near-misses with controversy. The sequence featuring the flight crew at leisure in the red-light district of Bangkok was pure shock documentary footage based on the proposition that respectable Englishmen being propositioned is interesting. It was all the more unfortunate because other stretches — like the electrical storm over Bangkok — made clear what

the cameraman could do if given free rein. All too often television documentaries seem to follow maps set by those before them. Like modern airline pilots, really.

Paradoxically, this risky piece of scheduling — the series would be pulled in the event of another Kegworth or Lockerbie — gave no hint of the risks of air travel. Any decent television programme about racing drivers would grill them about their (and their families') philosophical accommodation with the dangers of the job. The paradox of the pilot is that the placid, stable slipper man whom recruitment seeks is periodically required to become Clint Eastwood, with the lives of 300 people in his hands. It was characteristic of the programme that this useful line of questioning seemed to be regarded as commercial bad taste.

Which introduces the wider question of the relationship between hospitality and objectivity. This has long been a problem with travel programmes, but is even more worrying when "analytical" documentary is involved. The viewer wonders exactly what quantity of free flights was provided by British Airways and whether or not this complicated the journalistic responses of those involved. With MPs now needing to declare their interests, there would seem to be a case for the viewers knowing what the producers took, too.

'Square Eyes'



"Haven't I seen you on television?"

I-SKY

I have seen the future of sport on television and it is via satellite.

The live broadcasts of the extraordinary first Test between England and West Indies at Sabina Park, Kingston, Jamaica, have been such a remarkable experience that my views on the entire future of television in Britain, if not on the entire future of Britain itself, have been irrevocably changed.

TIM RICE
The Times

LAST week I spent happy hours watching live the England Test team wallop the West Indies.

The pictures on the Sky Television sports channel were beautifully clear.

Cricket enthusiasts without Sky Television for the rest of the Tests will deprive themselves of glorious summer scenes in winter.

WOODROW WYATT
Sun

England's dramatic transformation from no-hopers to new-look wonders made brilliant live action for Sky Television.

DAVID NORRIE
News of the World

CONTRIBUTORS: John Bennett, *Morning Star* Subs, G. Brearley.

An occasional column for which readers are invited to submit Sky-plugs masquerading as news items in Murdoch papers. The usual £10 will be paid.

MEDIA NEWS

MICHAEL CHECKLAND'S cost-conscious BBC has come up with another wizard wheeze to fill up airtime without actually spending money on programmes.

Complementing the traditional practice of cramming the schedules with repeats, Radio 3 and 4 "trails" for forthcoming programmes are getting longer and longer, sometimes occupying up to 10 minutes per hour. Programmes frequently start minutes later and end sooner than advertised in the *Radio Times*. Irritating thousands of listeners is, it seems, a small price to pay for this neat way of cutting costs.

AFTER less than six months on air, bad vibes have broken out at Manchester's funky, spunky Sunset Radio, "Britain's first ethnic minority radio station". Sunset's founder and managing director, Mike Shaft, has been sacked after months of turmoil.

Sunset went on air in November amid much self-righteous hype from Manchester's powerful liberal, "anti-racist" glitterati. The station was the brainchild of Grenadan-born Shaft, a former Picca-

dilly Radio DJ. Despite its appropriately "ethnic" workforce it has failed to provide the rap-happy citizens of Greater Manchester with a diet of heavy-duty dub, house and free jazz, churning out instead a stew of bland soul that must have Otis Redding spinning in his grave.

One of Sundown's biggest problems has been a dearth of advertising. Sales for the first three months were worth only £15,000.

Just after Christmas, in a desperate cost-cutting exercise, "socialist" Shaft sacked the entire news staff and replaced their output with London-based reports — hardly appropriate for a station supposedly supplying local news of interest to the black community in t'North West.

The station's credibility suffered further when a DJ invited listeners to phone up and complain about the miserable output of reggae. Shaft, listening at home, was so incensed that he came in, sacked the jock on the spot and took over in mid-programme!

With Shaft now shafted, it is expected that "Rapping" Owen Oyston, millionaire *soi-disant* socialist owner of Piccadilly Radio, Miss World and Blackpool FC, will attempt to add Sunset to his burgeoning empire.

CORPORATION STREET W.12

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YOU'VE GOT TO STOP SAYING 'TEBBIT'!



KanPyne

Harrods

NEWS

AS THE reverberations of the House of Fraser case hit the House of Commons, civil servants at the Department of Timidity & Inaction throw a curious light on what was going on there.

Officials at the DTI who were advising Norman Tebbit, the then Secretary of State, took the view that the sale of Harrods shares by Lonrho to the Fayed brothers, which preceded the Fayed's full bid for Harrods, might not have been genuine. The officials believed that Tiny Rowland of Lonrho was engaged in a "concert party" with the Fayed to purchase Harrods.

They believed that the Fayed then reneged on the agreement, knowing that Rowland would not be able to admit the existence of such a deal in breach of the Stock Exchange rules, either to the Office of Fair Trading, or to the DTI.

Both parties deny that such a deal ever existed. But why did Tebbit, having been advised that one may have done, then rush through consent for a takeover by parties who, on the advice of his own officials, were perilously in breach of the Stock Exchange rules set by the takeover panel?

ONE of the most splendid displays of hypocrisy last week over the Harrods affair was the appearance of Lonrho chairman Sir Edward du Cann at a televised press conference held in the Connaught Rooms.

In a display of righteous indignation that ought to have qualified him for an Equity card on the spot, du Cann flayed the Fayed as liars and fraudsters who were unfit to have the stewardship of a public company. He said they should be stripped of their directorships and kicked out of the country.

Could this be the same Edward du Cann who was chairman of the Keyser Ullman bank which crashed in 1975? The Edward du Cann who had borrowed £516,000 from the bank and could not repay it until Cannon Insurance took over his shares in 1979?

Could it, perhaps, be the Edward du Cann who was involved in litigation with the Inland Revenue over an outstanding demand which in 1985 stood at £511,000 plus interest? The same Edward du Cann who was involved in unseemly rows over the mortgage on his Somerset property, and who was sued by top law firm Bootle Hadfield last year for a cheque for legal fees that bounced twice?

Is it the same Edward du Cann who was at one time the Chairman of a Lonrho subsidiary called Tradewinds, a joint airfreight operation with the Libyans which was engaged in all manner of gun running before it went bust? (Du Cann's co-ordinator, incidentally, was a Libyan called Gadafam — who has since been identified as the Libyan security chief and occasional consort of Pamela Bordes at the Creon Hotel in Paris.)

And could it be the same Edward du Cann who was on the board of Homes Assured, which went down for about £10 million last year?

Surely not.

be barred from entering the US. Shamir's ham-fisted cry that a Big Israel was needed to accommodate them has now provoked the administration into restating US official opposition to Israeli settlements in the occupied territories. Indeed, the US has even stated that East Jerusalem is not part of Israel.

With Secretary of State Baker getting irritated at Shamir's intransigence, the Israel lobby may regret the day that they added Dole to their list of enemies.

UN NEWS

RECENTLY *Private Eye* (no. 733) reported plans for the UN to run Cambodia. The Australian foreign ministry has been working out the costs. Each option swallows up several times more money than the entire GNP of that sad little land.

Since the UN still recognises the Khmer Rouge-dominated government-in-exile, the plan to unleash thousands of locust-like international civil servants on Cambodia has to be seen as a sophisticated action reply of year zero.

JOBS FOR ALL

IT IS reassuring to know how much value the Government places on thorough and impartial research for its key policies. Mrs Thatcher and her team shun the use of boring academics and civil servants for such work, preferring instead the more positive (and compliant) services of thrusting young "management consultants".

Recent reports on the siting of the Department of Timidity and Inaction's "task forces" for the unemployed, produced by a small North London company, CAG Consultants, show why.

CAG's first effort, in 1988, came up with the original notion that task forces should concentrate on areas of high long-term male unemployment. Innovatively, it recommended that priority should also be given to "problem areas" inhabited by large numbers of blacks.

So impressive were these insights that CAG were asked to come up with a second report, with their Mr Nick Martin again directing operations. The draft was worked on for a gruelling four days by no fewer than two people. It consisted mainly of maps with circles and crosses drawn round targeted areas.

So chuffed was Martin with the result that it was decided to add a couple more names to the list of "authors" to lend it a further air of authority. One of these was the temp whose vital contribution was to draw the crosses on the maps.

Strangely, no one at the DTI seemed to know of the existence of the report, so the *Eye* was unable to establish whether any improvements have been made to the draft. We can be sure, however, that there is no danger of any tedious criticism by its "independent" analysts about the way the Government is tackling the thorny question of unemployment.



ON THE SQUARE

IN time-honoured masonic tradition of secrecy, a coterie of top masons, including the Grand Master himself, the Duke of Kent, have suppressed circulation of a damning report on the financial affairs of the Royal Masonic Hospital in West London.

The report by management consultants Touche Ross, for a sum not unadjacent to £100,000, was ordered by the Grand Lodge of Free Masonry after a series of internal conflicts amid allegations of financial malpractice and a number of boardroom splits.

Far from smoothing the troubled waters, the Touche Ross report has revealed a number of shady dealings which the Grand old Duke is keen to keep for his eyes only. For example, a new laboratory was installed recently at a cost to the society of £1 million. The lab is not owned by the society, but by a private company called Ravenscourt Holdings. And who owns that company? None other than the hospital's former chief executive Ray Wells and its present treasurer and board member Pat Baly.

The report also reveals that further large sums of money are earmarked to be spent on the laboratory (named Ravenscourt Laboratories) and a lucrative contract has been awarded to the London Welbeck Hospital which is owned by an Iranian, Reza Ghanadian, and has the unique distinction of having had its licence revoked by Bloomsbury Health Authority.

It is also revealed that Mr Ghanadian is in partnership with Dr Gordon Kells, who is a member of the board of governors of the Royal Masonic Hospital and who practises at 100 Harley Street, a building owned by Mr Ghanadian.

Now, six months after the report was completed, The Duke, Lord Cornwallis and the secretary of the Grand Lodge, Commander Michael Hyams, have grudgingly allowed a four-page précis of the 70-page report to be distributed to a chosen few masons, which has further fuelled the fears of the majority of masons that the alleged corruption and inefficiency at the hospital will never see the light of day.

If the Duke and his pals refuse to bow to the growing pressure to publish the report in full, certain members are planning to finance a further investigation, no matter how embarrassing its findings might be. This could well force the Duke to retire, not only as president of the hospital but from his post as boss of the freemasons.

PROMISED LAND

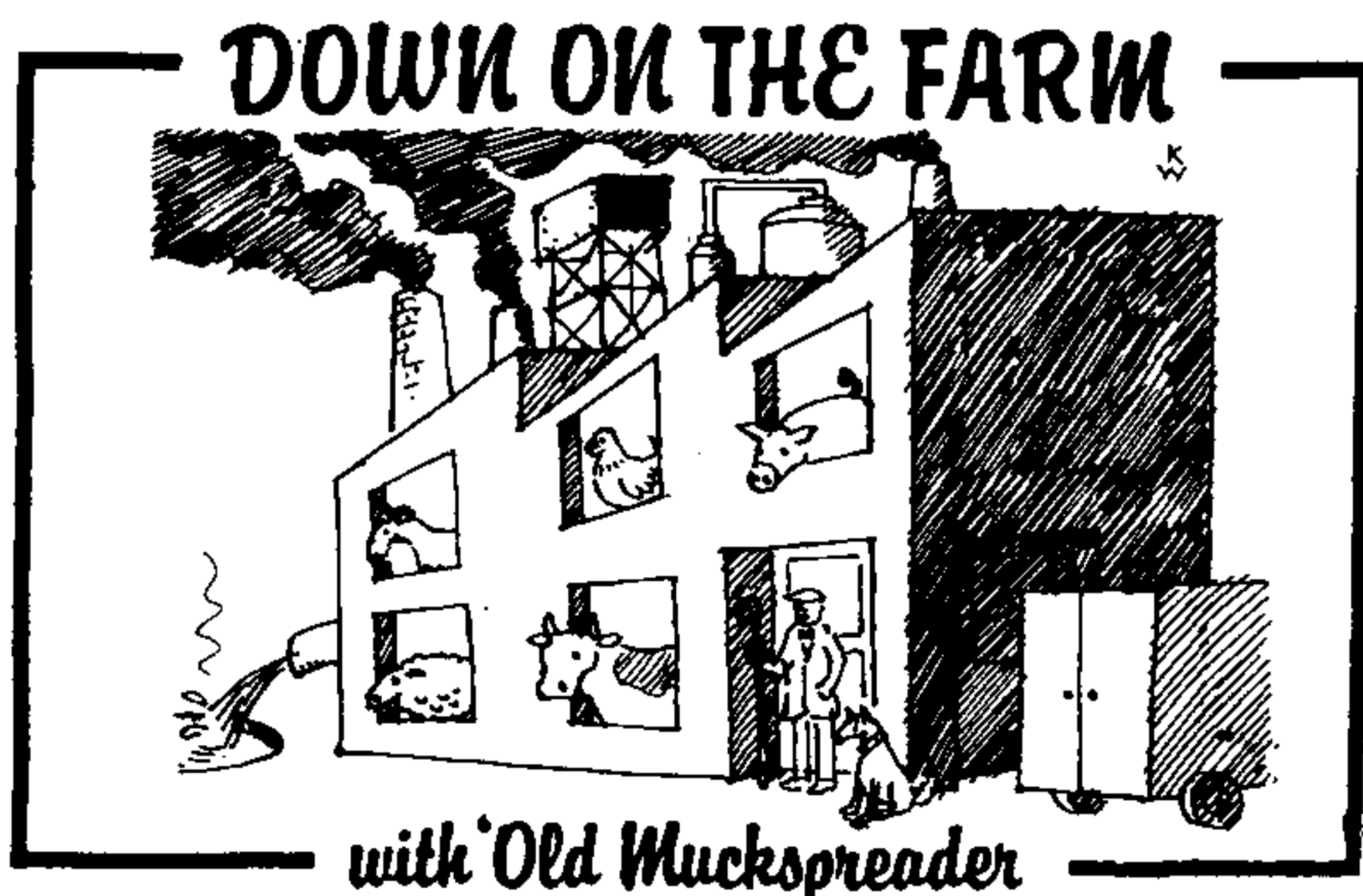
US SENATE minority leader Bob Dole has failed again in his attempt to get Congress to commemorate the "Armenian Holocaust" by the Turks. The first bid (*Eye* 730) was thwarted when Israel lent its lobby to the Turks. Since all the senators involved remembered their orders from last time, no overt action by the Israeli lobby was necessary on this occasion.

Dole also remembered. Last month he tabled an innocuous proposal that some of the US's major welfare bums, like Egypt, the Philippines and Israel, should have their aid reduced and diverted to more deserving causes. No one was in any doubt who the major target was.

Israeli supporters were gearing up to ask for a huge aid increase, as Soviet Jews were beginning to arrive in Israel in large numbers. This was already regarded as long on chutzpa — it was the same lobby which had pushed for the Russians to



HUSBAND



IF THE Government were to insist that every cup of tea in the land had to be supplied by only one source, at fixed prices, you would be rightly outraged. Yet this is exactly what our free-market loving rulers do with milk.

The delightful Cricket St Thomas Estate in Somerset, known to all as the set for the TV series *To The Manor Born*, has just sued the Milk Marketing Board in a bid to escape the clutches of this sinister and incompetent quangoid.

The even more sinister and anti-competitive European Commission ruled that the privileges of the MMB, bestowed long ago by Grocer Heath, were lawful. John Taylor, the owner of the estate, is a brave man indeed to take on the

twin horrors of a supra-national cartel and a corporatist monopoly.

The MMB's powers include the lingering remnant of wartime enactments to purchase all the milk from all the udders in the UK and sell it at set prices. Some critics believe this gives the MMB an unfair advantage in the market and that the consumers are screwed. How naïve. That is what consumers are for.

STAND BY for a remarkable exposé of the Public Health Laboratory Service and the great salmonella-in-eggs scare of '89. Can it be that Edwina Currie was set up by a public servant called Rowe? The answer, unexpectedly, lies in Bradford.

THE Netherlands is reputed to be sinking in a tide of pig slurry as the combination of porcine effluent and chemical byproducts defoliates the polders. The Dutch potato is making such a bold come-back, however, that both the EEC and our own Potato Marketing Board are alarmed.

Potato Markets, a clever little magazine that tries to make its readers richer, points out that the Dutch, through a combination of good husbandry, mild weather and pigshit, produce far superior spuds to the boring Belgian ones and the stern North German ones. This was not part of the Euro-plan.

Potato Markets finds it difficult to account for the behaviour of the Potato Marketing Board, whose deliberations confuse ministers and farmers equally. Could it be that without milk and potato bureaucrats getting in the way, producers of both might be able to trade with retailers and the public to the benefit of all concerned?

The Tory Centre for Policy Studies has called for reform of these Stalinist institutions, while the Adam Smith Institute, usually the quicker-witted of the think tanks, recommends simply that they be laughed off the stage. The ASI reckon without the authoritarian disposition of the Gummer/MacLean axis in MAFF.



Sporting Life

THERE may have been a more ludicrous piece of racing journalism than Richard Baerlein's rambling account of his recent South African holiday in the *Sporting Life Weekender* on 15 February, but it would be difficult to imagine.

The poor old *Grauniad* hack has been looking fit to fall off his perch for some time now. On the latest evidence senility has already reached an advanced stage. Baerlein devoted a sizeable chunk of his article to the supposed indignities he suffered at the hands of Ken Palmer, Chairman of the Association of Racing Clubs of South Africa.

It seems that on a trip to Kenilworth racecourse in the Cape, Dick was slighted by being escorted to a table in an area of the stand that was "definitely edging towards what in England would be re-

garded as a public dining room".

Dick's piece claimed that Don Bruce and Len Courburn of BOLA (the Betting Office Licensees Association) who apparently enjoyed fawning attention from the authorities were, in fact, on a week's freebie paid for by the South African Turf Club. Alas for Dick, it seems this was not the case, and the hapless Baerlein had to apologise the following week.

Those readers distressed on Dick's behalf will be relieved to know that he found comfort in the quality of the beef at the Mount Nelson Hotel, where the service was "well up to the best pre-war standards".

Only a complete half-wit should be seriously surprised that Baerlein completely failed to mention, even in passing, the momentous events that were taking place around him while he was enjoying his sun-drenched vacation. South Africa has always been regarded as a happy holiday haven by the deeply conservative English racing community.

The trainer Ben Hanbury, John "Brain Death" Garnsey of the *Daily Getsmuchworse* and the Dragon Lady herself, the merciless Mrs Mercy Rimell, have all been lolling around there this winter. Mercy was recently overheard at a typically boring racing luncheon informing fellow Afrikaans enthusiast Sir Piers Bengough that "all this Nelson Mandela business has just been whipped up by the left-wing press". Not in *The Grauniad's* racing pages, it hasn't.

'Major Bonkers'

Sally Deedes

DURING Tesco's new environmental hand-out reads: "You will no doubt be familiar with Tesco's healthy eating campaign — now we want to introduce you to an important new concept — Tesco's Green Image".

The leaflet advises customers on how best to achieve a more pure, green lifestyle (while shopping at Tesco, of course). The section on petrol says: "Leaded petrol is toxic, particularly to pregnant mothers and children whose mental development and intellectual performance can be seriously impaired. They are most at risk along our roads, where the average car can deposit a pound of lead per year out of the exhaust pipe." Quite so.

Tesco have built a spanking new store just off the Kingston by-pass in New Malden, South West London. The store's attached petrol station abuts the playground of the Sacred Heart Primary School. One parent complains: "It's the equivalent of having a car chugging away continually outside the door".

The PTA has managed to negotiate two concessions. BP have agreed to deliver the petrol out of school hours, and Tesco has planted a pretty row of trees between the school and the station — rather than the 20ft brick wall requested by the parents.

There is one snag. The pretty trees have all died. From pollution?

LEAFLETS enclosed with electricity accounts advertise various ways customers can cut their electric bills by installing cavity wall insulation, loft insulation, storage heaters, double glazing and the like.

One recipient was very interested, as his own business, which supplies moulded infills to windows and doors, offers a service claimed to be as efficient as double glazing at a fraction of the cost.

Wishing to get a slice of the green action, he rang the Southern Electricity Board and asked if his firm could become one of the approved contractors. Certainly, they said, he would be welcomed aboard — as long as he would give SEB 40 per cent of his turnover by way of commission.

Faced with the prospect of having to hugely increase his prices to cover SEB's demand for a rake-off, the businessman lost interest in the scheme.

Others, obviously, are less reluctant to see such hidden surcharges passed on to green (in more than one sense) consumers who respond to SEB's "energy-saving" offers.

QUESTION: In which country do the authorities have the power to interrogate a suspect without any formal complaint having been made, to deny the right of silence, to seize private documents, examine all bank transactions and refuse to allow a solicitor to be present during questioning?

ANSWER: In Britain, where under the sweeping powers of the Banking Act (1987) Bank of England "investigators" with powers of arrest can turn up unannounced any time and invoke all of the above and more.

Such an ordeal was experienced by a Staffordshire woman whose business is the production and distribution of remedial teaching aids and educational programmes with the use of sponsors.

On November 1 last, two men who described themselves as officials of the Bank of England turned up at nine in the morning on Carol Riley's doorstep demanding to question her. They said they had come in connection with the funding of her business, as they believed she was in breach of the Banking Act.

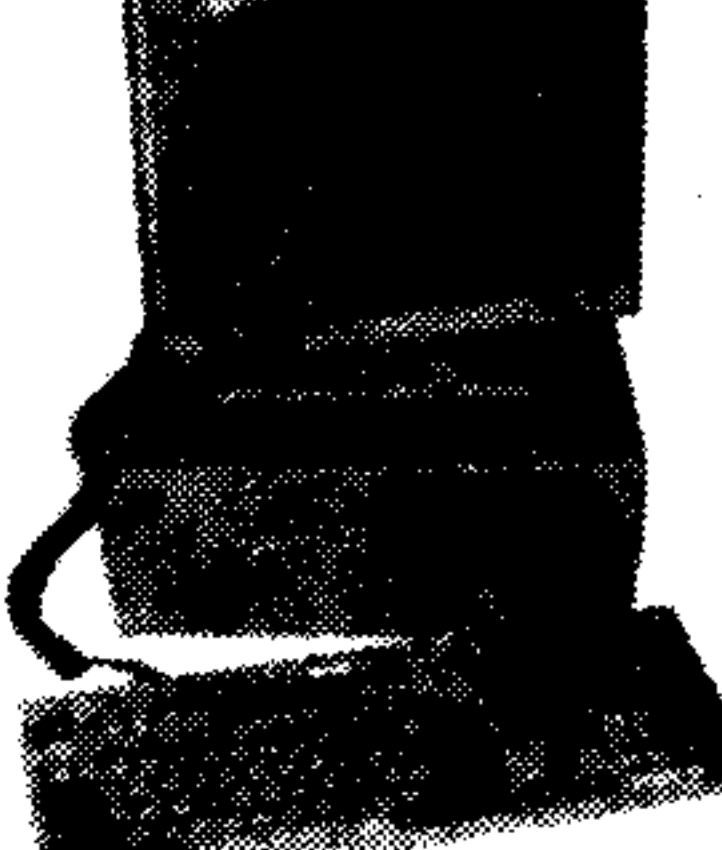
They then quoted Section 42 of the Act under which officials of the Bank of England can make an arrest if someone refuses to co-operate. Now, four months later, Mrs Riley's bank accounts are still frozen and her business has come to a standstill. She has furnished the officials with details of every business transaction over two years. In her own and her solicitor's opinion she has proved incontrovertibly that the business is solvent and no risk to her sponsors.



campaign

All dismal advertising gratefully received. £10 for contributions printed.

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MICROSCIENCE COMPUTERS
MELBOURNE

Submitted by Trevor Wilson

Letters

Private Eye

Plumb line

Sir,
I have read and enjoyed your magazine for years. I would go so far as to call myself one of your most dedicated readers. But after your most recent issue I will never buy another copy of your organ.
The reason, of course, is obvious. No sooner had I opened the magazine than I was faced with an "advertisement" which plumbs new depths of sick bad taste. "The Daily Telegraph" indeed. I ask you, would you want your children to read this kind of filth?

Yours Disgusted of Devon,
TERENCE LARKIN,

Brixham, Devon.

Condom nation

Sir,
The Health Education Authority's AIDS advert is all very well, as far as it goes, but does it go far enough? I mean, surely it ought also to include a warning on the known failure rate of the jolly old condom, which the latest USA research has put at 14.2 per cent (twice as high as we were previously led to believe), based on the number of unintended pregnancies caused while using the darn things. Bearing this in mind, one wonders whether the on-going condom campaign isn't actually helping to spread AIDS.

This isn't as daft as it sounds. For if a man regularly uses condoms as a contraceptive, with one woman for a month, he could have an "accident" with them half a dozen times during that period, and still not cause a pregnancy, unless the accidents occurred during the woman's three to five fertile days. But if an AIDS carrier, male or female, has regular "safe sex", following the HEA advice, it would take only one tiny accident with a condom and their partner would be immediately infected; which would mean, in effect, that they had passed an irreversible death sentence on that person. A nasty version of Russian Roulette, it would seem.

The Health Education Authority cannot possibly claim that they were unaware of this new American research, since it was published over here by the Family Planning Association, a charity that collaborates with the HEA to produce the Family Planning Information Service. So why are they all so coy about revealing the condom's dangerously poor performance to the general public?

Yours faithfully,
VICTORIA GILLICK,

Wisbech, Cambs.

Glass Eye

Sir,
I can't for the life of me see what was wrong with the AIDS ad you published. Isn't it time to put a stop to the condomic correspondence from daft old buffers whose brain-cells have perished at a preternatural rate? Although I am old enough to have been a reader of the very first issues of Private Eye, I seem to have been luckier than many of my vintage — possibly my grey matter has been preserved in alcohol. I still enjoy my Eye immensely, even though these days I have to wear my specs to read the condom ads.

Yours faithfully,
SASHA LUBETKIN,

Winchester.

Anagram



Sir,
Given his propensity for food, drink and complex syntax, does BERNARD LEVIN = VERBAL DINNER?

Yours sincerely,
JAMES CHATER,

London W8.

Hags

Sir,
Simon Hall's attack on Lady Porter as Westminster's Elena Ceaucescu must be the political equivalent of shooting his own foot.
For it was none other than the Labour Euro-MP for Westminster, Stan Newens, who wrote a hagiography of the former Romanian dictator, and Cllr Dimoldenberg, the Leader of the Westminster Labour Group, who is Newens's biggest buddy and certainly has a lifestyle on a par with the former Romanian dictator's wife.

Yours faithfully,
ROSEMARY GRANT,

London W1.

Touch down

Sir,
Re: HP Sauce (Eye 735). Has the Eye succumbed to the combined media forces of Maxwell's Daily Record and the Glasgow-based Scottish television companies regarding Scotland's Lowland airport policy?

Is Gatwick Airport loathed by passengers because of its "rural" setting?

London Docklands is "much more accessible and modern" than Heathrow. Shall we transfer intercontinental flights there?

Prestwick will remain as Transatlantic Gateway on its own merits of runway length, unobstructed approach paths and the best weather record in the UK.

However, George Younger's successor has no chance of holding the seat for his party.

Yours sincerely,
DANIEL R. PECK,

Ayr, Scotland.

Bernard manning

Sir,
Congratulations are in order to the sharp-eared Ms E.B. Maxwell for spotting the resemblance between silver-tongued Bernard Ingham and gravel-voiced Les Dawson (Eye 736).

Here on Spitting Image, desperate to breathe some life into the puppet of "Sources-Close-To-The-Prime-Minister", actor Jon Glover and myself decided to give him Les Dawson's unmistakable tones. Do they pick up Spitting Image in Headington Hall? I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
DAVID TYLER,
(Sometime Producer,
Spitting Image),

London N19.

Brush off

Sir,
Your Hunt News article (Eye 735) about Martin Masterman-Lister rang a remarkably familiar bell.
Some 12 years ago some friends and I were sabotaging the Border Counties otter hunt in Wales when we were ambushed by thugs wielding otter hunt poles (6ft lead-tipped staves). In the ensuing massacre (of men and women of all ages), five saboteurs needed hospital treatment, a BBC camera crew were intimidated and forced to stop filming and a press photographer was beaten up. One saboteur had a broken cheekbone and nose, and another an ear nearly ripped off.

We called the police, and identified the assailants, whom the police greeted on first name terms. After exchanging pleasantries, the police departed and the hunters once more attacked us as we drove off in a minibus, which was damaged as they tried to smash the windscreen.

Despite formal identification, photographs and a BBC soundtrack of the event, the police claimed there was insufficient evidence to mount a prosecution.

These two stories are remarkably similar. Are they by any chance related? If so, I think we should be told.

Yours faithfully,
ROBIN HOWARD,
(ageing Hunt Saboteur),

Haywards Heath, W. Sussex.

Lookalike



Bacon



Atyeo

Sir,
I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the more than passing resemblance between the new head of BSB's "Power Station" music channel, Don Atyeo, and the celebrated painter Francis Bacon? Could they possibly be related?

PATRICK THE SALMON,
Dittisham, Devon.

Green Belt tightening

Sir,
Readers of the Oxford Times will be especially interested by Old Muckspreader's reference (Eye 736) to how "snooty land agents Strutt and Parker... put out a press release claiming that organic farming is nothing more than a fad".

A couple of weeks ago Strutt and Parker put out another press release, which was carried by the Oxford Times, urging that it should be made easier to obtain permission to extend quarries into adjoining agricultural land.

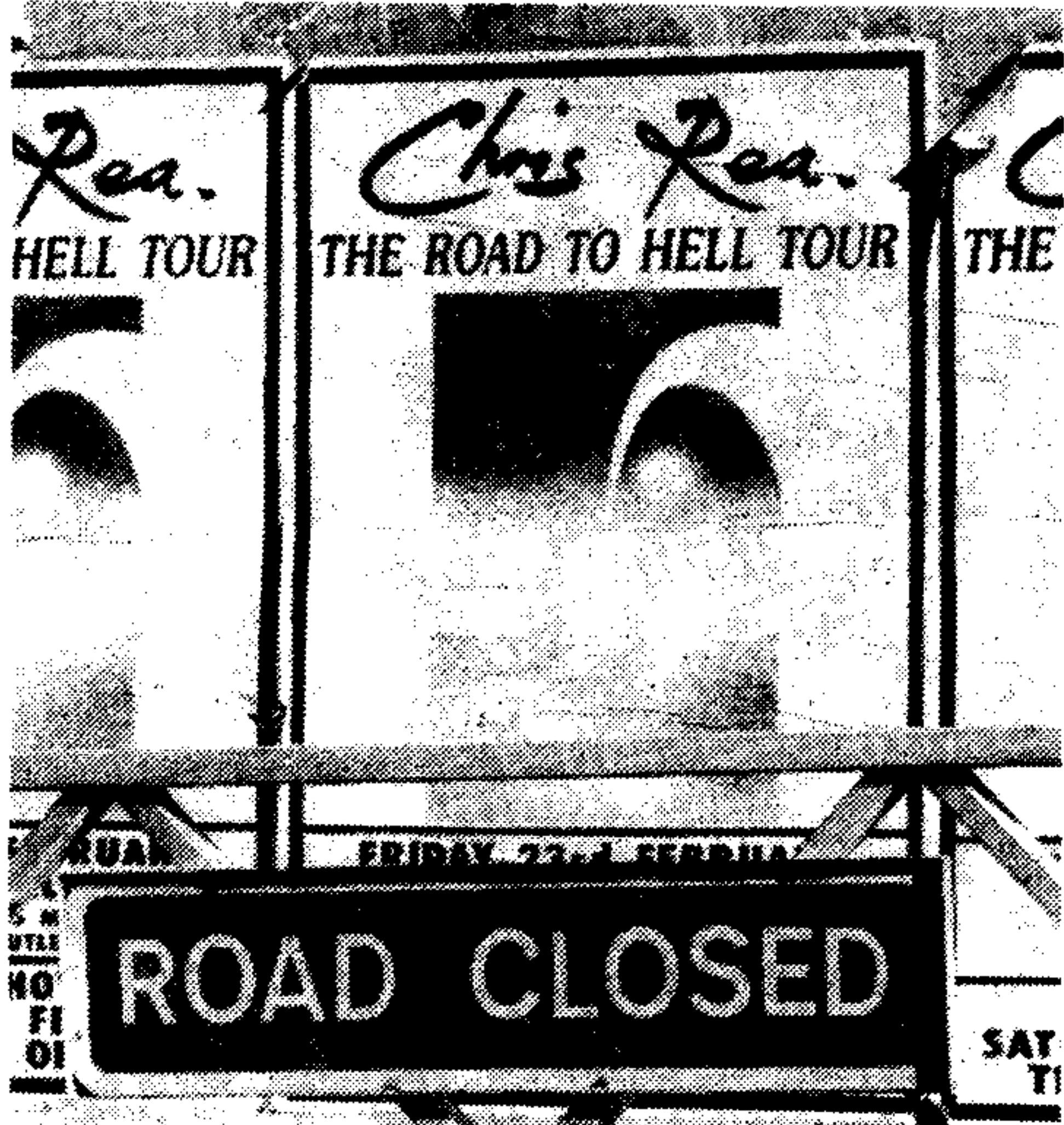
By a truly astounding coincidence this appeared in the very issue of the Oxford Times in which it was revealed that a senior local government official had confirmed the hitherto widely-rumoured prospect of — surprise, surprise — just such an extension, slap in the middle of Oxford's green belt, to an already environmentally disastrous quarrying operation.

Strutt and Parker evidently enjoy real clout — and appear adept at moving in a mysterious way. Keep at it, Old Muckspreader, and more strength to your elbow!

Yours organically and
environmentally,
JOHN VEALE,

Woodeaton, Oxford.

I-SPY Belfast



Submitted by Allan McCullough. £10 paid for submissions. (SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)

Hubbard love

Sir,

Please, please, please could you tell me who writes your "Cult Corner" article? (No — Ed). Is it internal or an external source? I really don't understand it. I'm a Scientologist and have been for years. I've noticed a continued attack on our organisation from Private Eye. We are decent, ethical people. Most of us live everyday lives with ordinary jobs, a mortgage and children etc. Why do you paint such a horrendous picture? It's not just an occasional joke at our expense, it's a continuous campaign. Why?

I won't bother to try and dispel your false impression of Scientology, but my feelings on the subject are based on first-hand experience. I've read the books, done the courses and know the staff. "Cult Corner" constantly attacks and ridicules our founder, our goals and ridicules our courses and discredits our donation policies. What is it? Someone must have a very strong purpose to damage our reputation. Although this will never stop us, it is still very upsetting.

If you won't print the truth about Scientology, please consider taking a closer look at the motives of whoever writes "Cult Corner". It is you who are being fooled.

Yours,
P.M. BUTLER (MRS),

Manchester.

Diverse

Sir,

Re: The Crack Menace (Eye 736). Your article includes one small error of fact, in that whilst I was a university researcher for the UKAEA I did NOT work on submarines — this work was for another body.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN H LARGE,
(Large & Associates),

London E3.

Half crown

Sir,

On the Talk Show with Clive James (4 March), "Brillo Pad" asserted at the end of the programme that there was not a monarchy in the world that was not a democracy also. May I help him? Two candidates at least spring immediately to mind — the women's paradise of the KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA, and the KINGDOM OF NEPAL, so recently the scene of vicious state brutality to pro-democracy campaigners.

I wonder if any of your readers have noticed the similarity between a "Brillo Pad" and "two short planks". Are they by any chance related?

Yours sincerely,
DAVID BROOKE,

Astor College, London.

Pump attendant

Sir,

When insignificant traces of carcinogenic benzene were found in Perrier water, the product was withdrawn from sale worldwide.

In a recent monitoring exercise, "significant levels" of carcinogenic benzene, caused by petrol emissions, were found in the atmosphere over Sheffield and it was said that levels were likely to be even higher in London and other cities. According to experts, there is "no safe limit" of atmospheric benzene.

I'm waiting to hear that petrol has been withdrawn from sale.

Yours faithfully,
GRAHAM CHAINEY,

Cambridge.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"And Clive Norling, running backwards, just like a football referee, looking forwards to make sure nothing untoward was happening behind him."

BILL MACLAREN, BBC1
(John Upton)

"I'm a forgotten man in his [Bobby Robson's] mind."

GLENN HODDLE, Radio 4
(Daniel Exelby)

"After this fight he [Kirkland Lang] can look himself in the face."

ROD DOUGLAS, BBC1
(Janet Markham)

"As long as the ball stays out of play, it's just eating into Manchester United's hands."

MIKE INGHAM, Radio 2
(Mark Scott)

"Although he isn't as good as he was two years ago, now he's even better!"

COMMENTATOR, Superbowl, Channel 4
(Patrick Reddington)



Letter from Nicaragua

from Our Own Correspondent

POOOR Washington. Even when the Yankees win, they can't get it right. Thinking a Sandinista victory was inevitable, numerous officials had been dispatched to Managua to rubbish the electoral process. The contra bands, both within and outside Nicaragua, had been told to hold fast.

In the face of UNO's surprise election victory, the reports of such ambiguously-entitled groups as the Centre for Democracy have had to be hastily rewritten. Special envoy Harry Schlaudeman has been dispatched to the Honduran border to persuade recalcitrant contras that there has been a change of plan.

The position of the election victor, Doña Violeta, 60-year-old widow of Pedro Joaquim Chamorro, the newspaper editor assassinated by Somoza's goons in 1978, is ironic. Now in alliance with the political heirs of her husband's killers, a ragbag of former contras and 14 parties ranging from fascist to communist, she was described as "a useless bag of bones" by her vice-president elect, Virgilio Godoy, before he was co-opted onto the ticket to give poor Vi a vestige of political credibility.

Violeta has already demonstrated a knack for putting her foot in it. One celebratory radio transmission had to be interrupted twice by aides, as Violeta, unable to read the script, demanded: "What do I say here?" As one unkind hack remarked, she makes Cory Aquino, that other US-backed president who rose to power on the back of her husband's reputation, look positively intelligent.

As recently as October last year she told reporters that her economic policy was "a secret". It still is. This enticing policy vacuum is all set to be filled by an assortment of US "consultants", plus a few political chameleons who have found UNO a useful political vehicle.

Prominent among these is our very own David Owen figure, Alfredo Cesar, who counts himself a Social Democrat but could be anything, according to who looks like winning. Despite being only 38, the Stanford-educated engineer has managed to be a Somozista, Sandinista and contra director, all within 15 years. Having spent the best part of eight years hanging round Washington, he is already manoeuvring for Uncle Sam's endorsement as presidential candidate in 1996.

All this assumes that UNO — "held together with spit" in the words of Interior Minister Tomas Borge — gets through the next six months, let alone years, as a viable government. With the US now more bankrupt than even the major Latin American economies it claims to be supporting, Bush found himself making an urgent call to Gorby within hours of the election results to see if he might be prepared to continue bankrolling Ortega's right-wing successors.

While the prospects of US aid being used to repay Nicaragua's Soviet debt might be too much, even in these days of glasnost, the Kremlin's positive response has at least averted the prospect of Violeta having to go on hunger strike to protest the lack of US financial support, as Guillermo Endara, the new helmsman in Panama, has done. "He at least looks as though he could go without a few million in food aid", noted one newspaper commentator here, referring to the new president's massive girth.

All of which indicates that voting to force Uncle Sam to pick up the tab for the mess he's created down here may not be the panacea Nicaraguans hoped. As the Central Bank prepared to lop off another five noughts from our hyper-devalued currency last week, our new economics supremo Francisco Mayorga revealed that he would need US\$600 million this year alone — nearly double the cost of the entire contra debacle. Last week Congress expressed doubts about whether it could afford all this democracy. Will it take Quayle to argue that the Cold War is cheaper?

HOM SAP



BY DAVID AUSTIN





10 Downing Street
Whitehall

Dear Bill,

Your petition, you will be glad to know, was finally delivered to Number Ten by your friend Mrs Rattner-Leng, who was let in through the gates while her fellow-protesters were made to wait at the railings. Five thousand signatures, smudged as they may have been in some cases with drink, certainly bore evidence to the strength of feeling about Margaret's Poll Tax in your neck of the woods.

Giglamps Baker, who played a big part in dreaming it all up, continues to push the line that all the opposition is coming from the Red Rentamob. I tried to get across to him that quite a lot of our sort of people were up in arms at having to pay more when the whole idea was that the scroungers were the ones who would be squealing. The Boss, who was by this stage in Bunker mode, repeated "It is all the fault of the profligate Labour Councils, they must be held to account and seen for the extravagant managers they are."

I pointed out that Royal Tunbridge Wells was not best known as a hotbed of Revolutionary Socialism, and that Mrs Posner, the woman we met with your accountant friend Pringle when we were washed out at Sandwich, and who lives in a largish property on Mount Ephraim with her batty step-daughter and her live-in-nurse Mrs Cobb, is going to have to fork out almost as much as she did when she was paying the rates.

At this Margaret hit the roof, fair screaming at me that she'd never realised she was married for all these years to a paid-up member of the Marxist-Leninist League, no wonder I had refused to be positively vetted and it was a well-known fact that people of my kind took to drink because of a personality defect.

You will gather from this that shot and shell are rather whistling through the rigging just at present, and things were not improved when that smooth-talking city man Slater Walker handed in his cards at the weekend saying he wanted to spend more time with his family. Having witnessed the final parting of the ways, Walker's statement to the press that it had all been very amicable brought a wryish smile to my lips. M. was in fighting mood, quoting extensively from the Bard to the effect that those who had no stomach for the fight should

get out of the kitchen before the ship went down. Heath was behind this, Walker had never been one of us, she had sent him off to Wales where he had done nothing but harm, look at the floods there had been etc. etc.

To put the tin hat on it, Heseltine got up at Halitosis Hall, bold as brass, and spoke in Margaret's defence to tumultuous applause, a sure sign in M's view that the knife will between her shoulder blades before the leaves are on the trees.

I had a very angry call late on Friday from that little Gippo at Harrods who's always giving us crocodile-skin wallets. Ridley had done everything he could to silence the tall German who owns the Observer, but the day came when he had to do a deal with the Gippo Twins that if Old Bill didn't feel their collars he could let out a somewhat unflattering report on their business methods. Little Muhammed, always an excitable fellow, was near to hysteria on the blower: "What you people are doing, I bloody well want to know" - I omit the obscenities - "My brother and I bring plenty business to this expletive deleted country, lots of expletive deleted money, and what you expletive deleteds do to us?"

I pointed out that there was no question of proceedings against them "due to lack of evidence", that being called a crook in the House of Commons was something we all had to put up with nowadays, and they still had Harrods. Our dusky friend then began to speak very incoherently to the accompaniment of breaking furniture in the background and would-be restraining cries from his brother Sali, mentioning the boy Mark, the Sultan of Brunei, the Boss and how this could all blow up in our expletive deleted faces if we didn't make a public apology in the High Court and have the tall German assassinated. Munster came into it too somewhere but I can't quite recall how.

The only good news was about Brer Scargill and the tainted Libyan money. My MI5 friend Gascoigne-Rees tells me they paid the one with the beard to blow the whistle on him to distract attention from the Poll Tax. I'm sorry to see Greville Wynne turned his toes up. I always liked him.

I'm putting together a few days' golf in Northern Ireland to coincide with Comrade Mandela's State Visit. Any chance of your being let off the leash?

Yours as the water rises,

Demi

INTERVIEWED after the event, Mr Morton Henry, a spokesman for the Grand Theatre, Leeds, said: "This year's production of *Snow White* has been full of interest. Mr Pat Mullins, who plays Noisy — one of our Seven Dwarves — had to be released after appearing drunk on stage, rolling around, in fact, with the other dwarves propping him up, and then the Wicked Queen (Holly Bembridge) was arrested for shoplifting."

HAVING heard Mr Andrew Holland MP issue a call for the public execution of convicted rapists, Mrs Rodu Mungwashu (Murewa North) told the Zimbabwe Assembly that, although she congratulated, and supported, Mr Holland in his demand for reasonably dramatic action, she thought that sustained caning was a preferable measure, "because if you hang them they won't feel a thing".

WE ALL worked up to the last minute to get the club ready for its opening party," said Alison Girling, the well-known interior decorator. "The only setback came when Doodie, a police sniffer-dog brought in to search the place before the VIPs arrived, fell through the ceiling onto my head. But luckily I managed to break its fall and no damage was done."

COMMENDING the prompt action of Captain Ti Seng, the local police chief, Mrs Antonia Coromandel, the mayoress of San Jose in the Philippines, said: "We decided to have a nine-metre-high banner, embroidered with messages of goodwill in 27 languages, to commemorate the opening of the Martin Luther



CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN

King Library. Only a few moments before the Minister of Culture, Mrs Lee How Gage, stepped from her official car, Captain Seng saw that the message in Tagalog, the local language, read: "Always use a

double-strength condom", and ordered the banner to be torn down."

ALLowed out of the Collins Bay prison on a six-hour resocialisation

parole, Mr Richard Alexander, currently serving 24 years for "continual and determined armed robberies", persuaded his probation guard, Sergeant Dave Kemper, to help him rob the bank that happened to be opposite the bar in which they had been drinking, "because Collins Bay is a terribly boring town".

"Mr Alexander put up some very convincing arguments in favour of the robbery," Sergeant Kemper told the court. "Finally, I lent him my gun and parked the prison van outside the bank's door to help with the getaway. But then the police came along and objected to my parking in a restricted place, so Mr Alexander was caught as he came out of the bank."

ON BEHALF of his client, Mr W.M. Douglas of the Raspberry Lay-By, Appin, near Oban, Mr David MacNeill said:

"The sun was shining, the birds were singing, so Mr Douglas and his friends decided to walk to the top of Morris Hill, play their drum, and give a display of the medieval arts of juggling and fire-eating. However, several groups of holiday-makers who were already on top of the hill objected to the inflammable liquids being blown out of the fire-eaters' mouths. In Mr Douglas's case, these objections were multiplied by the fact that his particular skill lies in gargling with petrol and shouting abuse at the same time."

INFORMATION: Northern Echo, 27.1.90; Zimbabwe Herald; AP Advertising, 23.1.90; South China Morning Post, 14.1.90; Toronto Financial Post, 11.1.90; Oban Times, 25.1.90.

MONITORS: T. Hopkins, P. Horsman, Philip Downar, Anon, Kevin Roche, Robert Clarke.



"It's not quite the castle I expected to spend the weekend in"

NEW!
Stunning Antique Mahogany

Evelyn Patricia Richards was born on March 17 1955 at Kingston Hospital, and lived with her brother, now thought to be Mrs. Jean Bolton, until she was 13 months old.

Kingston Star

Exclusive to The Times

'Militant' behind poll tax demos shock

**by Our Man Outside The Town Hall
RON HACKNEY**

The extremist Militant Tendency is organising anti-Poll Tax demonstrations, we can exclusively reveal.

Times reporters have managed to infiltrate the notorious Trotskyist Militant Tendency organisation and have conclusive proof that they are behind scenes of ugly violence that have shocked the civilised world.

Poll Taafe

A copy of the *Militant* newspaper acquired by reporters buying it from a man outside Tottenham Tube Station reveals the movement's top-secret plans to bring down Mrs Thatcher's government.

Headed HOW TO SHOW YOUR FEELINGS ABOUT THE POLL TAX, the

paper lists a number of venues where demonstrators might go "to register their disapproval of the community charge".

Highlighted were:

NEASDEN TOWN HALL.
7.30. Bring sandwiches, coffee.
Speaker: Paul Spart on "The Internal Contradictions of Capitalism Today".

DOLLIS HILL. Guided tour of the Council Chamber by Ms Daphne Spart, Chairperson Dollis Hill Single Parents Against Marriage. Assemble 9.30.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.
Drinks at the Conservative Club.
Speaker Sir Bufton Tufton on
"The Need for Firm Leadership".
(Shome mishtake shurely? Ed.)



***“Jehovah’s
Witnesses —
pretend
we’re not
in”***

Tory leadership crisis

John Cole comments

HONDOOTEDLY Mossis
Thatcher jennifer capriati
yoplait timisoara growing
storm over Porl Tox. Sockshop
yonty solomon tie-rack troditional
Tory hortland rubullion

Vytautas Landsbergis In-
dependent on Sunday bog flup
nagorny karabakh support for
Moster Michoïl Hussletoin on
buckbunches. Moster Konneth
Beeker sheboom sheboom
diddy-da-diddy sheboom lucia-
no pavarotti strong play for
porty unity pizza margarita sin-
fonia concertante emeric press-
burger Staffordshire by-
election jutters vodaphone
mea culpa julieburchill shirly-
conran virgin atlantic cosa nos-
tra bulthelezi slopping behond
in upinyon pools. Boris yeltsin
pineapple studio poppycock
(contd p.94)



ADVERTISEMENT

'I'm with the Tripoli'

says Mr A.S. of Yorkshire

Six years ago, Mr S. was having terrible trouble with his mortgage repayments.

His company was out on strike. His salary payments had been sequestered. He was so worried, his hair was falling out.

Then, taking a tip from a friend, he approached the Tripoli Alliance Building Society. Our Mr Gaddafi sat him down in his tent and listened to his troubles. The result — a suitcase full of used ones for Arthur, and all his problems were over.

That's why Arthur says today: "Thank Allah for the Tripoli."

Take a trip to the Tripoli today

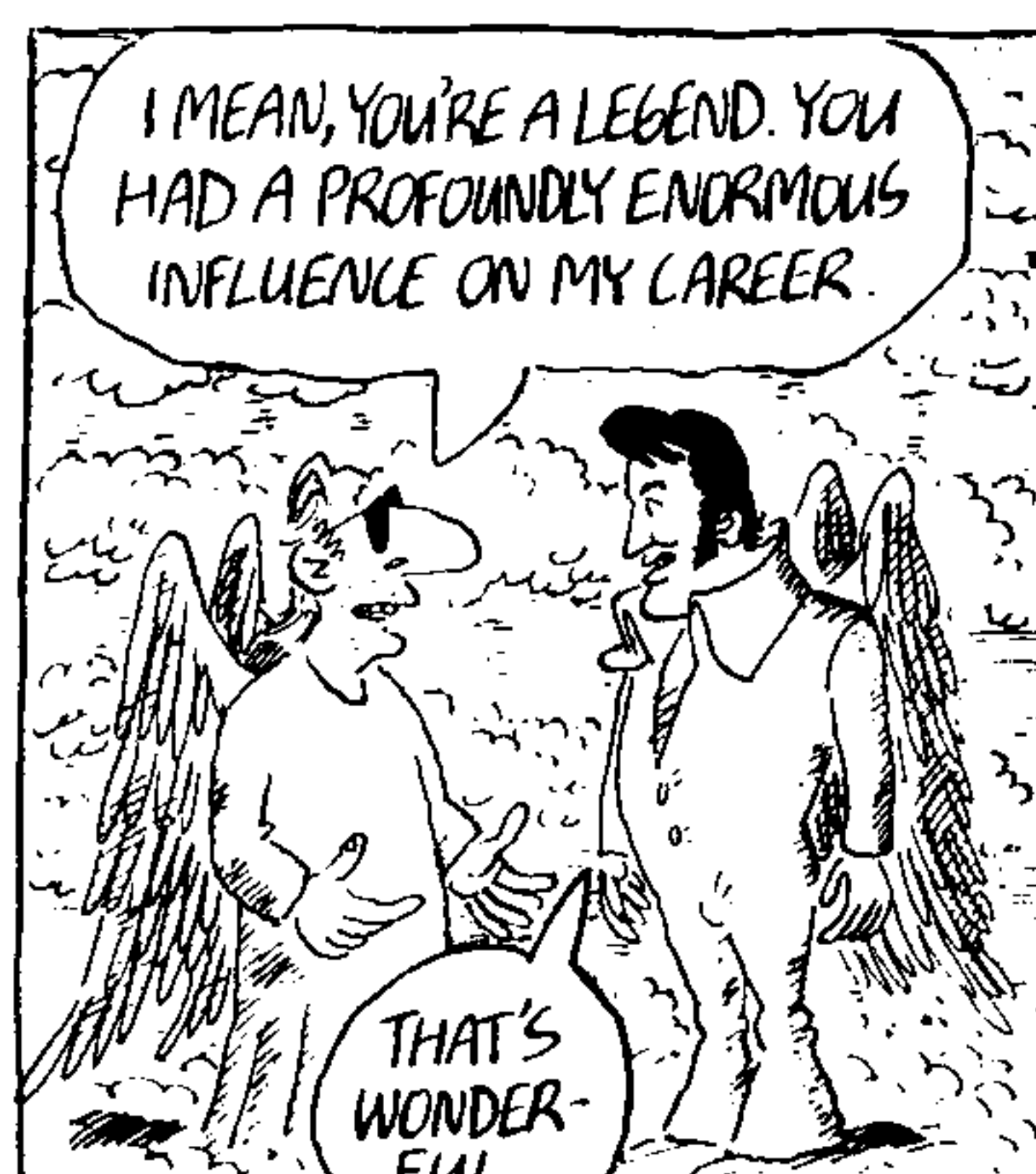
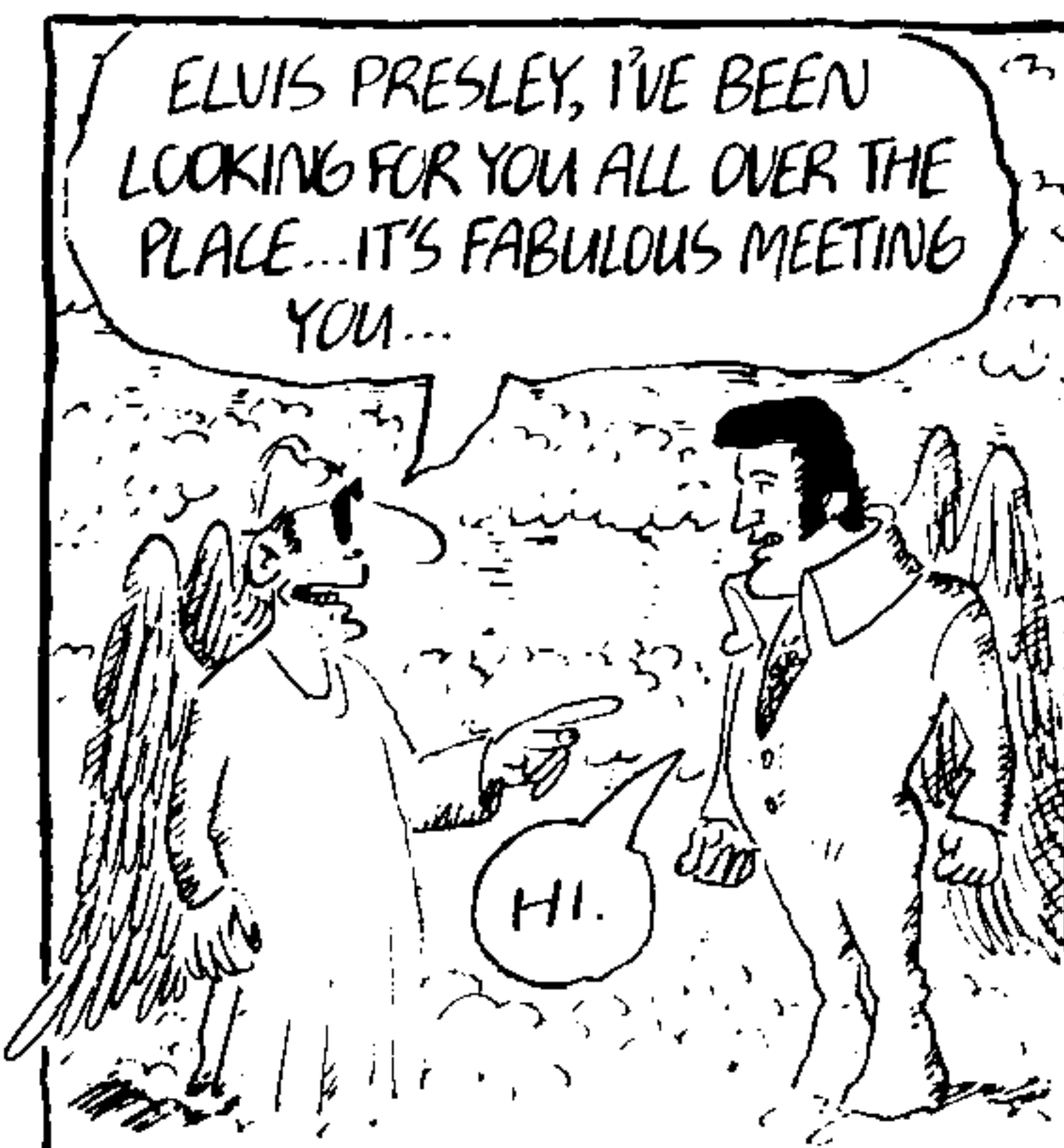


Great Bores Of Today.

"... I'd love to go but the tickets are changing hands for thousands of pounds it's incredible mind you it's probably worth it to see that level of play did you watch the Welsh game amazing to see them getting stuffed at home first time in how many years was it? the England pack were amazing and we haven't seen running like that from the backs since well I don't know that Rory Underwood try was unbelievable the Scots will have to be pretty sharp to stop our lads when they're on this sort of form I put it down to the Lions tour Rob Andrew has really come on no I think we're talking Grand Slam here Bill Beaumont was saying that they're a better side than his lot and I agree with that their sheer fitness is staggering and when you combine that with their handling skills and their dominance in the ruck well it's dynamite I'd love to go but you get a much better picture on the box..."

Celeb

L I G G E R



THE BOOK OF SHAMIR

Chapter 94: The Promised Land

1. And there were dwelling in the land of Russ-i-a certain Jews, who were sore afflicted, for their hearts were heavy.
2. And they longed to journey to the promised land, which is flowing with milk and honey.
3. Then came a new ruler in the land of Russ-i-a, that was called Gor-bo. And they knew him by the mark upon his head, and they said: "Behold, here is a sign from the Lord that this shall be he who releaseth us from bondage."
4. And so it came to pass that Gor-bo said unto the children of Israel that lived in Russ-i-a: "Verily I say unto you that you can depart in peace and go out of our land, even the land of Glas-nost and Peres-troika, which is to say 'yea, we have no potatoes'."
5. Then the children of Israel rejoiced exceedingly and said with one voice: "Blessed is Gor-bo. For now we can gird up our loins and go even unto the Promised Land, which is to say the land of Man-hat-tan and the island that is called Long.
6. "And there we shall have all that our hearts desire. We shall dwell in the condom-iniums on the Eastern side, which is lower, and eat of the fruit of the cream cheese bagel and hearken unto the sayings of the prophet Jack-ie Mas-on, on the way that is broad."
7. And the children of Israel could not believe their luck, already.
8. And they gathered up their belongings and all that was theirs and prepared for the journey to the promised land.
9. And lo they journeyed even from She-rem-et-yevo and they came by night even unto the ending of their journey.
10. And, behold, when they arrived, Shamir came forth to greet them, saying: "O, ye children of Israel, ye are thrice welcome into the land of your forefathers."
11. And they shook their heads and said among themselves: "What is Shamir doing in New York? Verily, there must be some mistake."
12. But Shamir rebuked them, saying: "O, ye of little money, dost thou think that thou wilt dwell in the land of the Delicat-essenes?"
13. "For, lo, it is written, by the sweat of your brow shall ye dwell in the desert, and ye shall there pitch your tents and multiply an hundredfold, until ye shall be numbered even as the children of the sons of Thom who swarm upon the sands of Eilat from January to March (*midwinter break, special offer*), drinking the juice of the pinacolada tree."
14. Then Shamir leadeth them into the wilderness that is called the West Bank, and they came at last unto a village.
15. And Shamir said unto them: "Lo, the bus terminateth here. Here is the land that is promised to you, where ye shall dwell, even unto the ending of your days."
16. And the children of Israel that were from the land of Russ-i-a looked around them and said unto Shamir: "How can it be that we should settle in this place? For behold, on every side, it appeareth that there already dwell here a multitude of Arab-ites, Araf-ites, Shi-ites and sons of Yasser, which is to say he who weareth the towel upon his head."
17. "How can this be the promised land? For these territories, as their name implieth, are already occupied."
18. And Shamir laughed them to scorn, saying unto them: "There is no problem. Go forth in peace and smite the Arab-ites and the Araf-ites, and lay waste their dwellings, and, behold, the land shall soon be thine, even as it hath been promised."

Kray Twins buy Harrods

by Our City Staff
Ivan the Fallible

In a move that has delighted the City, the controversial Kray brothers were yesterday given the green light by Trade Secretary Nicholas Ridley to buy the world-famous department store Harrods.

"My department has received assurances that Mr Ronald and Mr Reginald Kray are businessmen of the highest repute, descended from well-known East End families, who have over the years built up a considerable fortune in antique silver, gold bullion, video recorders and voluntary contributions from many



branches of the entertainment industry," Mr Ridley told the House.

"I am further assured by their solicitors, Messrs Rubinstein, Cosh, that their clients had English nannies and had been educated at the finest schools in Bethnal Green," Mr Ridley said.

You're Fayed

Another testimonial to the "un-

impeachable financial integrity" of the Kray brothers was provided by the merchant-bankers Kleinworts and All, who said that they were confident that "every penny the Krays possess is from their own hard-earned savings".

Mr Norman Tebbit immediately welcomed the proposed purchase of Harrods by, as he put it, "two bona fide Englishmen who repre-

sent all that is best in the enterprise culture of the late 'sixties".

However, Mr Charles "Tiny" Richardson, leader of a rival "group" of financiers based in South London who also wished to purchase the store, said last night: "We was robbed. It is nothing less than an outrage. The government must step in."

Lord Young is 63.

"Hello, First Direct? This is a hold-up!"



WORLD OF SOCCER



ARABS BUY NEASDEN FC

by E.I. Eirewego, Our Man In The All-Seater Stadium With His Can Of Alcohol-Free Lager Drink And A Packet Of Halal Pork-Style Scratchings

THE SOCCER world was rocked to its foundations today, as one of the League's oldest clubs, Neasden FC, was sold to an Arab consortium.

Speaking at a press conference, Brigadier "Buffy" Cohen, the club's former chairman, said: "They made us an offer that we could not refuse. I am delighted that the Al-Fatwah organisation is going to inject some much-needed cash into

my pocket."

Arab League

Mystery surrounds the exact identity of Neasden FC's new owners, but already they are marking their mark on the club.

Players and fans alike will be subject to

Islamic law, which will mean:

- Total ban on alcohol (Boston Arms out of bounds).
- No bacon sandwiches to be consumed on club premises by Ron Knee.
- Handball offences to be punished by amputation.
- Doris Bonkers to wear full purdah in new club colours (black).

Club Ach-Med

As the changes were spelt out there was a strong reaction in some quarters at Neasden Bridge. Said an ashen-faced Ron Knee: "The new artificial surface of sand will obviously take some time for the

lads to adjust to, but once mastered it will give us a definite home advantage. Especially when you get used to the dunes."

But fan Sid Bonkers was less enthusiastic: "All the chants have changed. Whereas in the old days we would shout 'Come on Neasden!' and 'Ron Knee is a bastard!', we now have to shout 'Kill Rushdie!' and 'Change the blasphemy laws now!'"

Ron Knee is 57.

LATE SCORE

Prontoprint Challenge Cup (North-West Division)

Sons of Allah (formerly Neasden FC) 0
Dollis Hill 8
(Roux 3, Saunders 2, Lyons 2, Mohammad 'Baldy' Pevsner [o.g.])

JAZZ FM

(94.94 kHz)

MAN: Hi! This is Jazz-FM and I mean Jazz-FM, Britain's first all-jazz 24-hour-a-day jazz station! Yes, it's jazz, jazz, jazz! I'm Rick Jazz, welcome to Jazz-FM.

(Plays record. It is Cliff Richard's "Bachelor Boy")

MAN: Welcome back to Jazz-FM. More jazz coming your way.

(Plays record. It is Tommy Steele's "Little White Bull")

MAN: We'll take a short break now for some adverts.

(Silence)

MAN: Hi! And it's Rick Jazz with *The Jazz Scene*, nine 'til two here on 94.94 kHz.

(Plays record. It is theme tune from "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly")

AMERICAN WOMAN: Thanks, Rick. That was Rick Jazz with *Jazz Scene*. Good to be playing real jazz, eh, Rick?

MAN: Can't get enough of it!

AMERICAN WOMAN: I'm Jasmine Jazz, nine 'til midnight here on Britain's first 24-hour-a-day jazz station. So, on with the jazz...

(Plays record. It is Dame Kiri Te Kanawa singing Kylie Minogue's "I Should Be So Lucky")



Not on 94.94 kHz

AMERICAN WOMAN: Stay with us. Jazz through the night.

(Men with beards all over London turn off exciting new jazz station and put on old Charlie Parker records)

Mr Peter Walker — an apology

In common with all other newspapers, we have from time to time in recent years published articles which may have given the impression that Mr Peter Walker, the Secretary of State for Wales, was in some way a political lightweight and a clapped-out relic of the discredited Heath era, whose continuing presence in the Government was little more than an embarrassment.

Articles such as WHEN WILL WONDER-MAG HAVE THE GUTS TO SACK MR WELSH WET BLANKET? and WHAT A COMPLETE WALKER may have added to the impression that we considered that the Government would be in some measure strengthened by Mr Walker's departure.

We now recognise that there is not a scintilla of truth in the above allegations. We accept that Mr Walker is a statesman of world rank whose towering genius has almost singlehandedly shored up the Government for the past ten years. We acknowledge that his decision to resign has been a crippling blow to Mrs Thatcher, and that without him she is irrevocably doomed to lose the Mid-Staffordshire by-election.

We apologise for any confusion caused to our readers.

"... and so, after selling her story for an enormous amount to a tabloid, Snow White and the Prince lived happily ever after..."



MILLIE TURNER.

DAILY Mirror

Friday, March 16, 1990

BACKWARD WITH THE PEOPLE

EXCLUSIVE

RED SCARGY'S N-BOMB ARSENAL

By Our Investigative Staff
MAX ROB WELL

IN AN amazing world exclusive, I can reveal that NUM President Arthur Scargill was at the time of the miners' strike secretly amassing a huge stockpile of nuclear missiles, the gift of Libyan leader Colonel Gaddafi.

Rank and file miners were totally unaware that the strike fund, donated by members of the public, was being used to finance Scargill's mad dream of nuclear world domination.

The Mirror has filing cabinets piled high with documents which prove conclusively that:

On 23 January 1985 Scargill took delivery of 79 SAM-5 Soviet-made missiles from Libya.

These were secretly installed in silos buried deep inside the Cortonwood colmine.

The missiles were targeted on 10 Downing Street and primed for immediate use.

Scargill's chauffeur, Sid Gebler-Davies, 59, has testified to the Mirror that the miners' leader carried his "red button" inside his baseball cap, ready to launch the missiles on a pre-emptive strike against the woman whom Scargill saw as his personal enemy, Mrs Thatcher.

Mr Gebler-Davies, who now lives in Marbella, told the Mirror last night: "I have always supported Arthur right down the line, until I discovered that he was ready to destroy all life on earth just

in pursuit of a 6.5 per cent wage increase for the lads."

Former union officials were last night quick to condemn Mr Scargill.

Said the union's one-time Welsh area organiser, Dafydd Leek, 65: "I had no idea that this was going on. Miners and their wives were starving to death, and there was Arthur gallivanting around the world, eating caviar and buying expensive hydrogen bombs for his own personal use."

At his luxury Barnsley hideaway last night, Mr Scargill furiously dismissed the Mirror's claims as "a vicious Tory smear and a complete load of lies".

"If you print one word of this rubbish," he said, "I will get my solicitors to issue a bomb immediately."

Mr Scargill is 79.



How I got the World Exclusive that everyone is talking about

by ROBERT MAXWELL,
Publisher and Editor-in-Chief of the Daily Maxwell

THE one question that everyone is asking — how did the Daily Mirror scoop all of its competitors with the story of Scargill and the Libyan missiles?

One night I was sitting alone on the 5th floor of the Mirror building, having caviar ladled into my mouth by Peter Jay, Joe Haines and some funny little lawyer called Beuselinck.

"I'm bored," I said to no one in particular (Peter Jay). "Turn on the television."

At once the three men fought eagerly for the honour of pressing the switch and, lo and behold, there was Roger Cook with this extraordinary tale about

Scargill and the Libyans.

I realised at once, with my finely honed journalistic antennae, that I had stumbled on a great scoop. "Hold the front page!" I barked, as they hoisted me out of my chair. "I'm going to write this one myself."

"Haines," I said. "Get writing!"

And so it was that I managed to get the biggest exclusive since the Mirror last week found conclusive proof that I am the greatest man who ever lived.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY
SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Poll tax is all the news and even Charles is not exempt from its effects.

Now read on...

IT HAD not been a happy few weeks for Charles, he thought to himself, as he sifted through the piles of letters on the silver tray that had been left there by his ever attentive equerry, Sir Alan Fitz-tightly. There had been the floods in Wales which really *had* merited the adjective appalling. He had seen for himself the brute power of the ocean as it had smashed through the fragile sea defences of his realm. He could still see the villagers of the town of Glenys squatting on their rooftops and waving their union jacks in defiance of the elements, whilst all round them the mighty waters stretched away to the horizon.

He had remarked to Diana how insignificant these sort of huge elemental thingies made one feel. He had even quoted to her, his favourite line from his old friend and mentor, Sir Laurens van der Post's book, *The Bushmen of the Pacific*: "How deep is the ocean. How high is the sky." How true that was and quite catchy in its way.

And then there was his miserable stay in Bad Töst where the paparazzi had preyed on him like sort of vultures as though he were not a skier enjoying the piste but a kind of dead carcass. He recoiled in horror at the image and then made a little note of it on the back of a discarded envelope from "Friends of the Gerbil" with his Waterstone 15-carat gold pen. Yes, he thought, very appropriate somehow.

Now where was he? Another envelope marked OHMS stared up at him. Not a letter from his mother surely? It wasn't his birthday. Slitting it open with a miniature carved scimitar (a present from Yasser Arafat bearing the legend GOOD LUCK FROM THE HOLY LAND) he read the words "Community charge demand. Pay now." It was a trifling amount compared to the millions he was accustomed to but he was aware, from listening to Mr Redbeard on the radio, that for his subjects the burden would be much heavier. Of all the appalling things that happened to him re-

cently this really was the most... well... what could he say...? For once words failed him.

A knock on the door disturbed him.

"Come in!" he called out, only half aware of the interruption. The oak door opened cautiously to reveal a slight figure bowing into the room, his Robert Harris tweed cap clutched nervously in his gnarled fingers. Charles dimly recognised the man as old Josh Waugh, his faithful partridge keeper, who lived in the tied cottage on the edge of Victoria Wood.

Charles stood up.

"Why er... Waugh, isn't it? What brings you here?"



"Well sir," replied the grovelling retainer, fumbling in his pocket and bringing out a crumpled piece of paper. "It be this 'ere, Sir."

So saying, he handed Charles the document — a demand for £7,000 from the Cotswoldshire District Council.

"It's them there Tories, Sir," Waugh blurted out, tears running down his weatherworn features. "I'm ruined, Sir. We all are. There's Mrs Ridley and her bedridden daughter with the love-child, little Tracy, sweet thing she be..."

"Yes, yes..."

"And then there's old Ned Sherrin, with his leg, he can't get round like he used to, and Jack Wells, and old Billy Rees-Mogg, he's so glum he's talking about selling his chickens."

"Yes, go on, Waugh, come to the point."

"Well, the point is, Sir, the poll tax. We never had to pay no poll tax before and if we have to pay we'll all be skint."

Charles was horrified.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "I never thought of that. Do you mean to say that... good grief... what do you expect me to do?"

"Pay it, Sire," came the swift reply, "on our behalf like your mum's done for 'er folk."

Charles immediately saw the justice of the old retainer's suggestion.

"Leave it with me Waugh," he said, putting a paternal arm round the shoulders of Waugh's weatherbeaten Forbes moling-jacket. "I'll see you right."

THE LATE afternoon sun was filtering through the study window as Charles completed writing the cheque to the Cotswoldshire District Council.

As the ink dried on the Bank of Fayed cheque he thought to himself that £4 million was a lot of money. But it was the duty of people like himself to help those in a position less fortunate than he. He would make a point of encouraging his friends to do likewise.

The sound outside the window of a champagne cork popping was followed



by a blast of *Colonel Bogey* on the horn of a white convertible BMW. With a sinking feeling Charles realised that this heralded the arrival of Bunty Coker, accompanied by Rupert Ricketson-Smythe, the unconscious Georgie Cavendish and the Duchess Fergiana, resplendent in a fluorescent pink Ishiguru maternity catsuit and moon boots.

"Chazzo!" they cried with one voice. "It's party time. You'll never guess what? Wandsworth set the rate at bugger-all. We're all quids in! Hats off to Maggie! Cheers!"

Charles put his cheque in the envelope and sealed it slowly.

(To be continued)

OBITUARIES

Laurence Vole



LAURENCE VOLE was for many years a well-known figure in Fitzrovia, where his distinctive lifestyle won him many admirers.

Vole was educated at Marylebone Grammar School, although he left at the age of 16 to travel in Belgium. In later years he would often reminisce about his youthful experiences in Louvain and Bruges, and the pleasure he had derived from those early travels.

Vole was a hospitable man, who would often buy drinks for friends and acquaintances during his lunchtime "sessions" at the Fitzroy Tavern. His conversation often centred around

items which had caught his eye in the morning's paper or, in later years, what he had seen on television the night before.

Vole was a keen collector of books, and his small but select library contained many volumes of fiction, history and travel, by such authors as Evelyn Waugh, Daphne du Maurier and D.J. Enright (*shurely shome mishtake? A. W-S*).

During the war Vole retired to Hertfordshire, and his years in Rickmansworth were, again, to provide him with a fund of reminiscence during later periods of his life.

In 1963 Vole moved to a small flat near the Goodge Street tube station, which became his home until his death. In other circumstances, one can easily imagine how Vole's flat could have become a Mecca for the many writers, painters and other luminaries of Bohemia who thronged the Charlotte Street area during those decades immediately after the war. One thinks inevitably of such great names as Keith McBride, Horace Collis and Barbara Fink.

Alas, Vole's genius was not such as to include conviviality among his various gifts, and in later years he rarely saw anyone at all.

Vole was unmarried.

P.F. Vole

Horace Laurence Cartwright Vole, Fitzrovia character. Born Croydon 1923, died Kensal Green, March 1990.

Sheldon Roughtrade

THE DEATH of Sheldon Roughtrade, at the early age of 23, has robbed the world of leather underwear photography of one of its most exciting and outrageous talents.

"Shel" first took New York by storm in 1987, when he rented the foyer of the First Minnesota and Eastern Banking Corporation, to show his daringly voyeuristic polaroids of young men in provocative poses. As Art Ludmilk enthused in his influential column in *Gays and Gaymen*, "these smudgy, unfocussed black-and-white images convey a starkly disturbing, yet deeply arousing synthesis recalling the nightmarish vision of such masters of the homoerotic macabre as Gosch and Boya". Following the success of this exhibition, Roughtrade's work began to appear in many leading fashion magazines, including *Vanity Fair*, *Hullo Sai* and the Italian quarterly *Dom*. Some of Roughtrade's friends felt that he had "sold out to commercial values", but it was widely accepted that even

in his conventional fashion photography, such as his widely acclaimed series of studies for Damart Thermal Socks, Roughtrade managed to inject a unique note of almost Pinteresque menace.

George Melly

Sheldon Roughtrade was born Melvin Cohen in Hackensack, New Jersey, in 1967. He died in Paris, 6 March 1990.

Lord Rees-Mogg writes: Your obituary of the late Bill Widderspoon, formerly assistant obituary editor of the *Independent*, prompts me to add my own memories of an outstanding member of the *Independent's* editorial team. I shall never forget the day he rang me up in 1988 to ask if I would add a note to the obituary of Sir Halcrow Wainwright, the former Permanent Under Secretary at the Ministry of Agriculture, which he felt had not done justice to an outstanding public servant. I was happy to oblige.



BULLY-LINE



Do you ever feel that you are being bullied, pushed around, or made to feel small in your own home?

Do you suffer from some awful bossy blonde woman with big teeth giving you a hard time and then laughing at you?

Does this woman appear at least once a week (Sunday evenings) and start telling you what to do?

If the answer to these questions is "yes", then you are being bullied by Esther Rantzen.

Ring "Bully-Line" and you'll be answered by a kind understanding person who will arrange to have your television taken away.

**REMEMBER OUR MOTTO:
BULLY FOR ESTHER**



MOBS STORM THATCHESCU STRONGHOLDS

from the Romanian News Agency, Taff

Cities all over Britain were brought to a halt yesterday as angry mobs went on the rampage in protest against the hated Thatchescu regime.

Unrest has been boiling up for weeks, as the British people have groaned under an ever-growing yoke of runaway inflation, soaring interest rates and, above all, the hated "poll tax", which is universally regarded as yet another symptom of the ever-growing megalomania of the "Supreme Ruler of the Universe", as Mme Thatchescu insists on being called.

Megaloromania

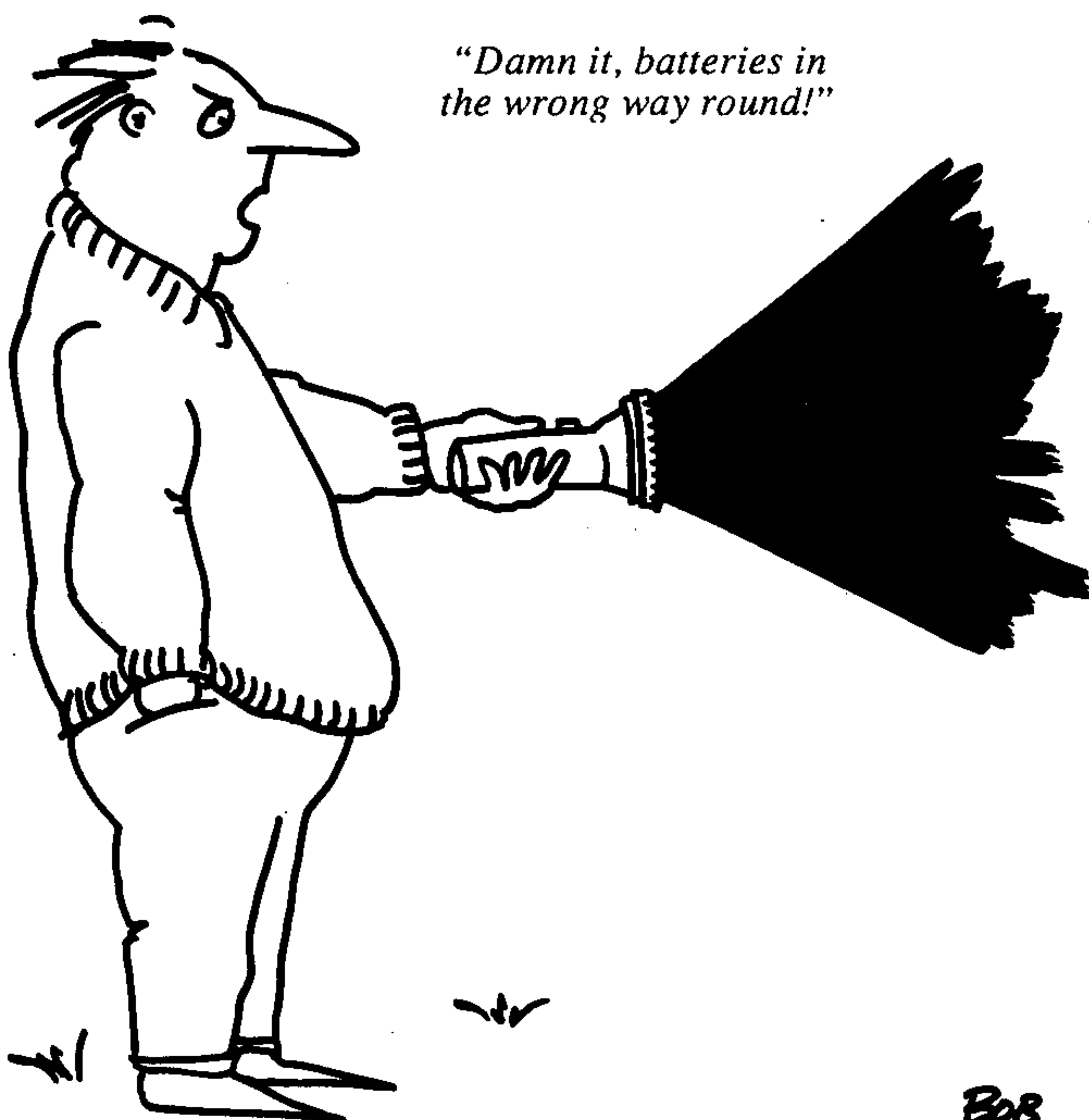
Observers noted that the latest wave of mass demonstrations

has spread chaos into such traditional Party homelands as Iron-Maidenhead, Nagorno-Tunbridge Wells and Sunday-Timis-oara.

However, Party chief Kenneth Bakescu, head of the hated Securitori, dismissed the protestors as "just a tiny minority of paid agitators brought in from outside in order to divert attention from the heroic progress being made on the most lasting monument to the glorious achievement of the Thatchescu regime, the Channel Tunnel."



Paid agitators stir up violence



Bob.

New in the Eye

It's Prince Charles Rhyming Slang



Dog and bone
Quinlan Terry
Monstrous Carbuncle

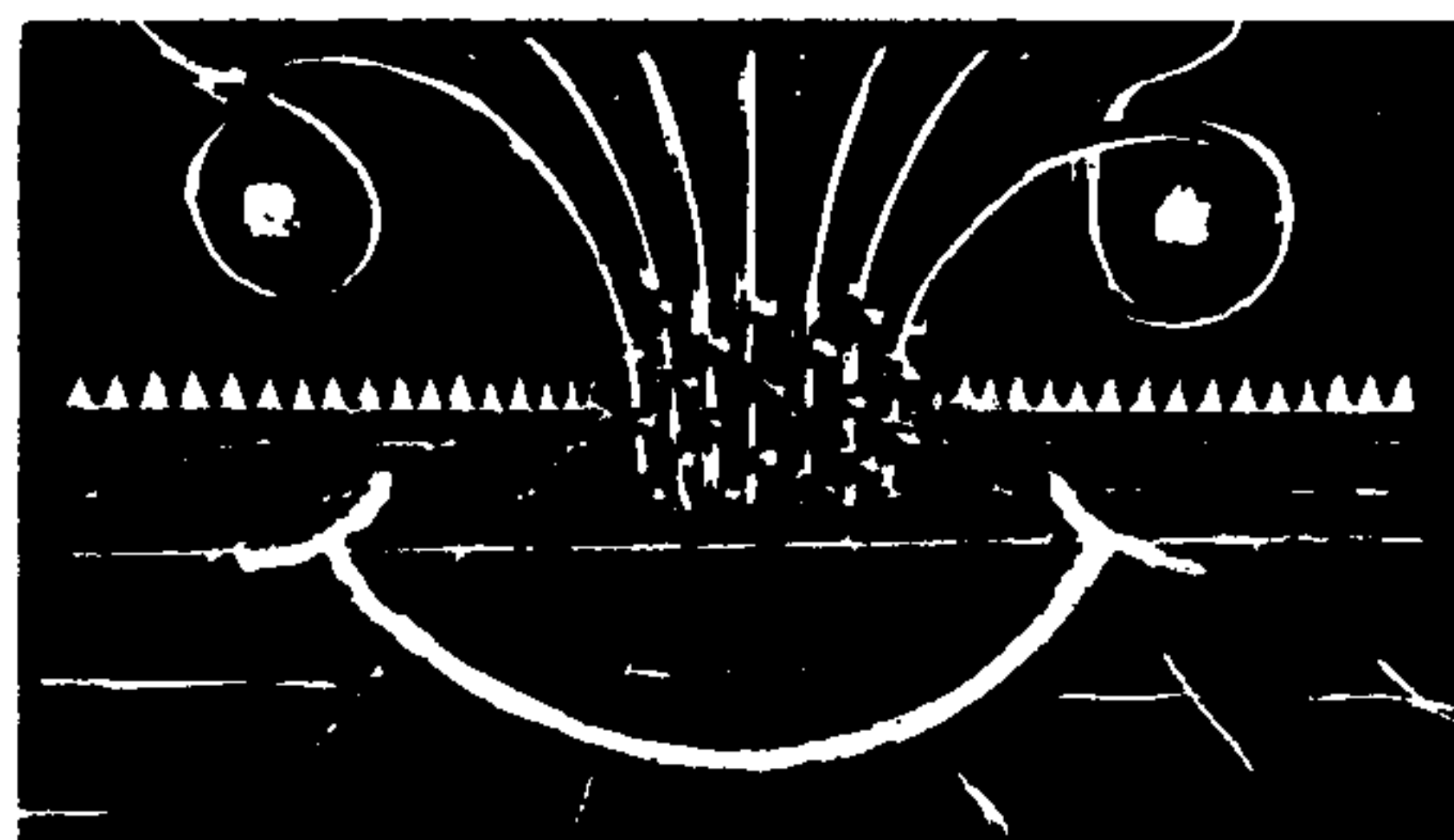
Polo player
Wholemeal toast
Old Man of Lochnagar

Standards falling
Princess Diana
Thinning hair
Royal Duchy
Vision of Britain

Heir to the throne
Glass of sherry
Dickie Mountbatten's your
uncle
Ozone Layer
Laurens var der Post
Budgie the Helicopter is better
by far
It really is appalling
Upper-class manner
Book of Common Prayer
Touchy
Not got much tit in
(Shurely shome mishtake? Ed)

DIARY

How I hate that nicky-name of mine!!! I don't know, it makes me sound so unserious and silly when that's one thing I'm notty-wotty. But the lovely thing is that my very dear friends only call me "Bubbles" because they all simply adore me so much. To be absolutely frank, I get a lot of fan letters from people wanting to know how I came by that nicky-name. The meaning's probably lost in the mists of time, but my chums tell me it's because I only have to see a prick and I'm bursting for it, though heaven knows what they mean by that.



BUBBLES ROTHERMERE

An awful lot of ordinary, common people must think that I have an easy life, but quite the opposite, I don't have an easy life at all, in fact I have a very not easy life. Just think of all the staff I have to deal with, and some of them need to be taught before they can tie one's shoelaces properly or even switch on one's telly when one tells them to.

I am a tyreless worker for charity, though I try not to mention it because I do it because I want to and not because I want people to think that I am a tyreless worker for charity though I am. If I even see a poor person I get very, very upset, but thankfully they are kept well away from one in Eaton Square and so they should be, they wouldn't know how to look after one of these houses even if they were given one on a plate, which they won't be, they'll be shooed away, shoo, shoo, shoo, though I once had that marvellous little David English to a party, and I daresay he's not that well off.

One of my favourite charitable causes is the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, which the *Daily Mail* is sweet enough to "put on" each year. It gives the common people a chance to buy their shower units and fluffy lavvy-paper holders and it gives we better educated types a chance to have a bit of a giggle at their expense.

Each year, we drag a Royal along to cut the rib-rib and they all just adore meeting me, I'm such fun. I always like to wear something colourful, to put a little happiness in all the poor people's drab, dull little lives and this year I'm planning something to tie in with the "Batman" craze. I'll be arriving as "Catwoman" looking pretty jolly super in pink and green and orange skin-tight velour,

topped off with my famous bows which ordinary people so love and the sweetest little tail. The lovely people at the *Daily Mail* always give me a lovely, positive right-up each year, bless them. "Lady 'Bubbles' Rothermere looking resplendent in a chiffon mini-dress with appliquéd butterflies makes another welcome entrance to unanimous applause" says the caption to last year's lovely photo. "The old woman to her left is the Queen Mother."

At the mo-mo, I'm working on my first-ever book, *The Bubbles Rothermere Diet Plan and Complete Work-Out for a Healthy Lifestyle*, which my publishers — Mail Books — tell me will take over where Janey Fonda left off. For breakfast, I recommend a raspberry blancmange made with skinned milk, and no more than two grilled lamb chops, with the fat taken off (frankly, fat's so much better raw). For lunch, why not get cook to fetch you some Smoked Salmon from Harrods, it's frightfully good wrapped around a Mars Bar and placed in the oven for fifteen mins. As a main course, one can never beat Asparagus Tips, plain and simple, served with a haunch of best beef with low-calorie ice-cream and four dollops of jelly to follow or at the same time. As a special treat for din-dins, one is allowed a couple of lobsters — do make sure cook strangles them first — and a small animal of some sort on toast, with Flora margarine, served with two or three Toblerone bars peeping out of its mouth. Scrumptious — and less than 23,000 calories a day, so one should be back to one's normal shape in no time at all. Frankly, I have little need for the Work-Out section — I spend my time chasing after the servants,

and that's quite exhausting enough, as you can imagine!!!

What a hectic life one leads! Yesterday, I had my hair done in the morning and I ordered some new curtains in the afternoon, as well as going to a super, super party in the evening. It's literally all go. How one longs sometimes for a quiet, simple life like the little people who work in supermarkets must enjoy! Instead, one works ceaselessly for others, bringing a little sunshine into their lives just by *being there*.

My charity work continues apace. I am on the committee for next season's Ethiopian Famine Dinner (fingers crossed that they hold a famine in Ethiopia next season, or all our hard slog goes up the spout quite frankly!). I am also up to my knees in gorgeous Green campaigns like stopping everyone using lead-free petrol, closing down the Ozone Layer and making everyone put baby seals to good use, like wearing them, rather than just unthinkingly killing them for no good reason at all.

I'm famous for my parties. Every few weeks, I'll ask seven hundred or so close friends around, and we'll all have terrific fun. I'm a people person, and I'm in love with life, so I ask people from all walks of life and then I'll sit back and watch them mix. For instance, from the so-called working class — how I hate the term! — I might have little Nigel Dempster along to help serve out the "eats" and organise coats, and he might start chatting to my very dear friend Baz Bigbig-boy who's as black as the three of diamonds, but honestly in this day and age where does one find good staff, and they'll both be thrilled to bits to meet Princess Mikey of Kent who'll tickle us all pink with her blow-by-blow account of life in the Palace, and I'll introduce the Princess to some of my most super creative and artistic and intellectual friends such as Miss Lynda Lee Potter and Mr Geoffrey Gale, all such fun to be with and so witty. Of course, with journalists from the *Mail* in one's housey, one is careful to pack away one's choicest valuables — silly to place things in temptation's way — and for this reason I always employ security cameras in every room, plus half a dozen Rottweilers with their handlers, and Nigel is only to happy to act as "grass", bless him.



"Help! Help! I'm being
robbed by Salman
Rushdie!"

MCLACHLAN

Literary Review

No need to Byatt

Possession

A.S. Byatt

(Chatto & Windus, £13.95)

THE JIFFY BAG lands with a thud on the literary editor's desk. Out tumbles a forbidding 500-pager. It comes complete with sewn-in bookmark — an intimation of a long haul to come if ever there was one. The natural reaction is to toss it in the bin.

But no. Antonia Byatt has over the years worked her way into so many literary editors' dens, made herself such a kneejerk choice of pundit on radio and TV book programmes and served on so many committees (thereby wheedling a CBE out of Mrs Thatcher) that few dare pass over her latest monster. How can they, when they are certain to bump into her at some bookish party the following week?

Of course, the same might be said of Byatt's sister, Margaret Drabble, and it didn't save her from a fearful drubbing when her most recent instalment of SDP angst was published last year. But, unlike her richer sibling, Byatt is an academic. She is also thought to be an intellectual, not least by herself. While the cultural references in Drabble seldom rise above passing mentions of the *Guardian* or the *South Bank Show*, Byatt's work is spattered with name-checks for Derrida, Barthes, Chagall and many more. Critics are intimidated by such a show of learning. They don't want it thought that they are too stupid or philistine to grasp the post-modernist point. And so, with only the odd dissenting voice (James Wood in the *Sunday Correspondinglyboring*, Anne Smith in *The Listener*), *Possession* has been flattered to an absurd degree. Peter Kemp filled almost a page of the *Sunset Times* with his gush: "Shimmering... scintillating... uncanny flair... wholeheartedly intelligent... omnivorously inquiring... intense pleasures... sumptuous artistry..." In the *Spectator*, Anita Brookner hailed the book as "a brilliant start to the publishing season, and one

which it will be very difficult to overtake".

No doubt this ego-swelling chorus will leave Byatt more convinced than ever of her own greatness and even more resistant to advice or criticism. When Chatto performed emergency surgery on her previous effort, *Still Life*, she informed her dear friend Iris Murdoch. Iris called such treatment an outrage and said she must insist in future that not a word be altered. So this time Carmen Callil has had to sit on her



hands while Byatt has been given her head.

And what a head it is. In the first chapter Vico, Crabb Robinson, Bagehot, Bunyan and Christina Rossetti are among those worked into the life of a fictional Victorian poet, Ash. His entanglement with a woman, Christabel LaMotte, brings research student Roland Michell (a denizen of the London Library) into alliance with a female don who sets him at odds with his girlfriend. Along the way Michell gets into trouble with his supervisor, Professor Blackadder (no less), and a marauding American manuscript

hunter. Byatt cannot, of course, resist naming her Victorians after Ruskin scholars.

The twists and turns of all this — past catching up with present etc — could have made something mildly diverting, if hardly ground-breaking (Simon Raven used to pull it off). But, no, Byatt has to include her characters' stories, poems, letters and diaries, all of which are as unreadable as their dialogue is unrealistic.

Obsessed by the trappings of the great, she has not bothered to study the basics of the novelist's craft. A typical passage reads: "Narcissism, the unstable self, the fractured ego, Maud thought, who am I? A matrix for a susurrations of texts and codes? It was both a pleasant and an unpleasant idea, this requirement that she think of herself as intermittent and partial." Later, there is a bed scene: "This is where I have always been coming to. Since my time began. And when I go away from here, this will be the mid-point, to which everything ran, before, and

from which everything will run. But now, my love, we are here, we are now, and those other times are running elsewhere."

A further 250 pages on, consumption is achieved. It is as though, sitting in the London Library, Byatt secretly had on her knees the latest Mills and Boon: "There seemed to be no boundaries, and he heard, towards dawn, from a long way off, her clear voice crying out, uninhibited, unashamed, in pleasure and triumph."

If nothing else, *Possession* does present a case for the test-tube method.

BOOKS & BOOKMEN

□ NICHOLAS Byam Shaw's chaotic new Macmillan has lost yet another director, sales director Gillian Hawking, appointed only last September. Hawkeye has been wooed to Mark Collins' new outfit. (Not that Mark Collins looks as if he's bought a new outfit in years.)

In another part of the Macmillan Raj, managing director Alan "Sleepy" Gordon Walker has been woken up by the cacophony of outrage from publishing worthies, led by Virago Callil, following his attempt to purge Geoff Mulligan, for the last four years the up-market Picador imprint's editorial director.

Mulligan is, on the advice of his lawyer, refusing to leave his office. No doubt something will be worked out at Cavaye Place before April, when his successor, granite-jawed Peter "Frank Bruno" Straus, moves in. "Bruno" is almost the final refugee from Sir Sincere-Stevenson's once-stimulating Hamish Hamilton empire.

Clare "The Queen" Alexander, editorial boss of Viking, confided to Penguin's chief editor Peter Carson that she, of course, knew about "Bruno's" appointment to Pan weeks ago — in fact before "Bruno" had his first interview.

"The Queen" was unhappy that Bookworm didn't report her reaction when Fanny Blake was appointed as chief editor, fiction, at Penguin. "I do hope that woman doesn't think she can publish her books in hardback on the Viking list, because she cannot," she said darkly.

■ PACKAGERS Webb & Bower's fortunes were made with the discovery and subsequent publication of Edith Holden's *Country Diary of an Edwardian Lady*. Bookworm hopes their fortunes won't be unmade by its "successor", *The Nature Notes of an Edwardian Lady*. On neither side of the Atlantic has the new book done as well as anticipated.

Could it be, as some uncharitable folk are muttering, that the public suspect the *Nature Notes*, so similar to the *Diary*, are not as old as they seem? This outrageous allegation would obviously be disproved if an expert in the dating of watercolours was permitted to examine the "original" sketchbook in which the *Nature Notes* were recorded.

□ NEWS of the potential crime best-seller of the century: *The Whole Truth About Peter Sutcliffe*, *The Yorkshire Ripper*. Readers will recall (*Eye* 735) how I faithfully reported that the author of this projected tome, Ms Barbara Jones, ex-friend of Sonia Sutcliffe and star journalist of the *Fester* on Sunday, was in heavy negotiations with Random-Century.

Sadly, some confusion seems to have arisen over who actually owns copyright of some of the material. As a result of what is no doubt a complete misunderstanding, Random have decided that they do not wish to be associated with the venture any longer.

This churlish attitude has provoked a furious response from Ms Jones's agent, who says a deal is a deal. Random reply that a deal is only a deal if both parties are in possession of all relevant facts at the outset.

'Bookworm'



Privatisation

Bright spark wanted

THE electricity companies are finding it hard going selling their power on the lucrative private market. Under privatisation, they are allowed to sell 15 per cent of their output direct to big consumers. National Power, the biggest company, has made contracts for only about 6 per cent of its output. Is there something wrong with its electricity?

A clue is to be found in what happens if a well-heeled industrialist walks into NP headquarters at Sudbury House, in St Paul's Precinct, and says to the receptionist: "I want to buy 1,000 megawatts of your best electricity. Take me to your leader". She will reply: "I am sorry, Sir, but there is no such person. Nor has there been this four long months."

On 8 November the Energy Secretary, John Wakeham, in effect sacked Lord Marshall of Goring, chairman-designate of NP, by removing nuclear power from the package for privatisation. A new chairman was needed to take responsibility for the negotiation of privatisation and contracts during the critical run-up to the sale of shares.

NP has been like a headless chicken ever since. Rumour suggested that a non-executive director of the Central Electricity Generating Board, Richard Giordano, who earns £937,390 a year as chairman of

British Oxygen, might do the job on a part-time basis. Another rumour surrounds Sir John Egan of Jaguar; if his new boss, Ford, doesn't want him, perhaps he would be available. Possibly someone inside the CEBG, such as John Baker, its chief executive, might take over.

But it would be difficult for the City to regard with enthusiasm a company led by someone doing it as a moon-lighting number; or for confidence to be given to any of the team who had believed that nuclear power was cheap, or someone Ford was happy to part company with. Whoever it turns out to be eventually, there is no way of avoiding the fact that it has taken Wakeham four months to try to find someone interested in a salary of around £350,000 a year in return for selling electricity at a profit and at the same time keeping the lights burning.

And there's the rub. Nobody has bothered much about the critical area of electricity generation: what the insiders call "capacity planning". It means that somebody, somewhere, has to take a decision now that 10 years on there will be a need for a power station that they are planning which will, by then, be paying for the investment. Until now, the CEBG had a statutory obligation to maintain a secure supply to the public.

When privatisation loomed, the CEBG could argue that if it was to lose its monopoly, it must also

be relieved of the obligation to maintain a secure supply. So the responsibility went to the distribution companies which will own the grid and, for the present, have access to sufficient capacity.

But what is to ensure that in the future there will be sufficient generating capacity available? One insider put the problem in this way: "The Thatcher view is that you leave it to market forces and that someone, somewhere, will take a decision recognising that there will be a need for the new plant 10 years from now. But the market is entirely short-term in its way of thinking. Electricity is basically long-term."

The new vogue word is VOLL: Value Of Lost Load. It means that if customers are prepared to pay the right price, then someone will install the generating capacity to meet the demand. It is all to be decided by the value of the demand, or load, that would be lost if the demand were not to be met. Thus, all will be best in the best of all possible markets.

If, of course, the potential suppliers do not appear in time, the lights go out. If too many power stations are built, suppliers go bankrupt.

The man who will be overseeing this interesting gamble is one of the architects of privatisation, Professor Stephen Littlechild, director general of electricity supply, who is sitting in an office in Birmingham, building up a quango of 220 people who will be regulating the industry. If it sounds like a formula for a black-out, there is the consolation of knowing that the professor is an ardent monetarist. He believes that it will be all right.

Just as he believed that the original plan for privatising the whole industry, including nuclear power, could be sold to the City. The country needs to hope that he has got it right this time.

Irangate

Sting in the tale

ADMIRAL John Poindexter is currently on trial in Washington in connection with the Irangate scandal. He has pleaded not guilty to charges that he lied to Congressional committees investigating the scandal and other minor matters. More substantive charges were dropped when it became clear that the US Government would not release certain documents on the spurious grounds of "national security". Poindexter, North, and Secord were, however, only part of a much larger operation which involved the export of billions of dollars of American military equipment to Iran during the Gulf war, much of it through Israel.

The basis of this help was simply this. Iran had a large Jewish community. It was pro-Shah and affluent. After the downfall of the Shah and takeover by the rabidly anti-Zionist Khomeini regime, the Iranian Jews looked to Israel as a place of refuge.

The Israelis knew the Iranians needed weapons and for the last decade have been bartering them for Iranian Jews. This operation was known as "Black Falcon".

Black Falcon covered all manner of arms transactions and gave presidential cover to such luminaries as renegade former CIA operatives Wilson and Terpil, General Vernon Walters, former US ambassador to the UN, as well as CIA front companies like the freight agencies Jericho International and Global Airlines.

Matters nearly came unstuck in 1986 when the US customs service (the left hand acting without the knowledge of the right) mounted a "sting" operation against the arms trade to Iran. They had an informant called Cyrus Hashemi. Hashemi, a London-based Iranian, with others including one of Tiny Rowland's lawyers, Sam Evans (see *Colour Section*), were arrested in New York and Bermuda and charged with conspiracy to export weapons to Iran. Unfortunately, one of those arrested was a senior Mossad official called William Northrop.

Although those charged had to wait a considerable time for the conspiracy indictments to be withdrawn they eventually were released from the bail conditions placed on them. Northrop threatened to sue the US Government, but has been prevailed upon to call it a day.

Whatever American reservations and Poindexter's current agonies, Israel still does business with Iran. Since the death of the Ayatollah a more realistic approach has opened up to trade. Early last month an oil contract was signed between the two countries.

Sponsorship

Lynam up

THE acceptable face of BBC sport, in the dapper, moustachioed form of Desmond Lynam, has been busy rearranging his business affairs recently with the help of the limited liability law which allows former directors of companies which go bust to open up for business again while creditors sing in vain for their money.

Until last April Mr Lynam was a director of a PR and sports sponsorship company called CPR Ltd which collapsed in November owing more than £400,000. Mr Lynam was wise to dissociate himself from the company when he did and he became a director instead of a new company called CPR Spon-

sorship Ltd. This is also headed by Lynam's chum and fellow former director of CPR Ltd Peter Creasy. Last month the new company changed its name to Lynam Creasy Sponsorship Ltd.

From the company's attractive new offices in SW1 Peter Creasy told the *Eye* the name change had nothing to do with distancing it from the first company, now in the hands of liquidators Norman Cowans. "That is not the case at all," he said. "We changed the name because we had new shareholders and the old name wasn't relevant."

Mr Creasy explained that the new company (founder directors and principal shareholders D. Lynam and P. Creasy) was exclusively involved with sports sponsorship. Did he, perhaps, consider there could be a conflict of interest between Des's dual role as BBC sports presenter and director of a sports sponsorship company?

Mr Creasy replied: "Definitely no conflict there. Des only presents programmes. He doesn't decide what goes on them. Anyway, it's quite a normal thing for someone in his position".

Barlow Clowes

Offshore rig

BARLOW CLOWES International liquidators recently obtained an order from the Manx courts to wind up Investment Enterprises, an Isle of Man registered company said to owe Barlow Clowes International £1.9 million.

Investment Enterprises began life in 1987 and was set up as a non-resident Manx company to carry out investment business. Its registered office is at the Tower Street Centre in Ramsey, the hub of Peter Henwood's business empire.

Henwood, through his company International Trust Corporation (ITC), also set up companies for Peter Clowes and Guy von Cramer, registered at the same address. The most notable of these were Learjet Sales and Corporate Aviation, through which around £7 million of Barlow Clowes money passed, according to the liquidators.

The beneficial owner of Investment Enterprises so far remains hidden behind the delightful device of a Manx non-resident company. Such a company does not pay tax on the Isle of Man, only an annual duty fee of £450. It must have its directors and conduct its business outside the island.

In the case of Investment Enterprises, the directors used are Trevor and John Donnolly. These gentlemen, residents of Sark, are a couple of nominee directors used by Peter Henwood when delicacy about the true ownership of a company is deemed appropriate.

The beauty of having a Manx non-resident company with directors resident in Sark lies in the fact that, with no tax liability on that tiny island, and providing annual returns and duty payments are kept in order at the Manx end, no one is going to look at the company and see what type of business it is actually doing. This in some instances could be far more useful than just having a company with a low rate of tax.

Peter Henwood sold ITC last year to one of its subsidiaries, Overseas Company Registration Agents (OCRA). OCRA was then ostensibly sold, but remained at the Tower Street Centre. Peter Henwood is still to be seen going in and out of OCRA's offices, both on the island and in London. Andrew Sebastian, his co-director and partner in setting up the Clowes companies, is said to be at the helm in the Ramsey office.



In the City

READERS of certain newspapers' coverage of the Department of Timidity & Inaction inspectors' report into the phoney pharaoh would have found the disclosure of Mohamed Fayed's lies and deceptions something of a surprise.

For up until the last moment in certain cases, such as the *Daily Mail*, Fayed was still being fêted as the high-born billionaire he most certainly is not. But then the DTI's findings are as embarrassing for certain senior hacks, their editors and proprietors, as for Mrs Thatcher and her poodle Nicholas Ridley.

After all, in the five years since the Harrods bid went down there has been no shortage of those who enjoyed the hospitality in this country and in Paris of Fayed the fake — a man well practised in the Arab art of finding out what a man wants or needs and giving it to him.

While some of the initial publicity was excusable on the grounds that there was little or no reason to disbelieve the Fayed fable about being the scion of cotton kings, from 1985 onwards there was a growing body of evidence to act as a caution to any genuine seeker after truth. And certainly, by the time the DTI inspectors were called in three years ago, the evidence of the lies was there for all who wanted to see.

Yet the Fayed camp continued to be able to count on the support of a number of faithful supporters whose allegiance never wavered. Even after the DTI report was imminent or out certain of the Fayed faithful — such as Kenneth Fleet of *The Times* ("Mohammed... is well ahead on points"), Anthony Hilton of the *Evening Standard*, Ian Watson of the *Sunday Telegraph* and Ivan Fallon of the *Sunday Times* — found it too much to admit openly that they had been conned.

Their response was either to say nothing (Hilton is now a non-writing managing director while Watson awaits Cap'n Bob's *European*) or weasel word their way out by saying that the truth was only the truth according to the inspectors — a High Court judge and a top City accountant — and so not necessarily so?

But then journalism is about judgment, good not bad, and it is not exactly confidence-inspiring for it to be revealed that eminent City commentators can be (as the *Sunday Times* said of others) taken for a ride. Readers have short memories, anyway.

Not as short as those required, however, by *Daily Mail* readers who were informed one week that the Fayed had been "cleared", only to be told the next that they were "cheats". But then the *Mail*, like the *Standard*, shares the House of Fraser-owned Barkers site in Kensington and has been (until now) a loyal Fayed booster. They even coined the "Fabulous Pharaoh" tag in 1984. And Mohamed and his brothers were regularly featured in recent photographs with proprietor "Mere" Harmsworth. Well done, Sir David Fester.

Guinness Gem 1

THOSE following testimony at the Guinness trial will no doubt be puzzled as to why it is that Ernest Saunders & Co are being prosecuted for an activity — share support operations — which everyone else considered acceptable behaviour?

Certainly Nicholas Jones, late of Schroder Wagg, and Pat Townsend, former chairman of Matthew Brown, who solicited the 1985 support of Guinness against Scottish & Newcastle on a promise of no loss?

Not to mention merchant bankers Henry Ansbacher and Morgan Grenfell during the 1986 bids by George Davis of Next for Grattan and Lowe Howard Spink, former home of favourite Thatcher PR man Tim Bell, for Good Relations. Those share support operations even featured a false invoice!

And what about the Argyll support tactics?

Guinness Gem 2

DID Sir Jack Lyons declare an interest when writing so persuasively to Mrs Thatcher on Guinness's behalf in March 1986 regarding the benefits of its bid for Distillers and the arguments against a reference to the Monopolies & Mergers Commission?

This was in any event unnecessary, as he prefaced the letter by reminding the Prime Minister that he had introduced her to Ernest Saunders at a fundraiser for the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This coded reference obviously made redundant any superfluous reference to the fact that Lyons worked for management consultants Bain, who were paid more than £1 million a month by Guinness.

Guinness Gem 3

FOUR years ago *Business* magazine named those it called the "Top 40 Under 40". Two of its selections, juxtaposed one above the other, were Olivier Roux, then the Guinness finance director, and Anthony Salz, still a prominent partner in Guinness's then lawyers, Freshfields.

Salz is soon expected to follow Roux into the Southwark Crown Court witness box to discuss what he knew and what he advised regarding the vexed issue of Section 151 and share support operations. No doubt Salz was not the lawyer who, when told by *Business* of his nomination, remarked: "I wonder if this will ruin my career".

THE Savings & Investment Bank trial is due to start in the Isle of Man on 20 March. It will be surprising if an early order of defence business may not be to play the Grob card — to claim that the delay in bringing the prosecution made a fair trial impossible and was an abuse of process.

It will be recalled that in January the former Alexander Howden chairman avoided a second fraud trial because of the delays since the police investigation began in 1982 into events going back

into the early Seventies. This decision followed the ruling last year in the case against the picket-bashing Wapping police which was thrown out for lack of diligence by the Crown Prosecution Service.

As SIB collapsed in 1982, the defendants were not arrested until six years later, due to the Manx authorities not calling in Scotland Yard until the previous year, and the events go back to 1979 when chief defendant Victor Gray secretly bought the bank, the Grob defence would seem a natural. Especially as certain of the defendants are, like Grob, sixtysomething and, again as with Grob, certain key figures (like SIB chairman Archibald Lyle) are dead.

Throwing out the case would also save the Manx authorities millions in trial costs, boosted by the fact that all eight defendants are now on legal aid. It would also prevent public exposure of testimony incriminating Manx officials who allowed SIB to continue trading when it was insolvent — a key feature in the case brought by the depositors against the Manx government.

Against all this legal mumbo-jumbo is perhaps the more relevant fact that the Manx government may need a conviction of the SIB officials to get off the hook under the Royal Insurance policy which may otherwise be required to pay off the depositors in the event of a successful civil claim.

INVESTIGATIONS into the cosy private US property deals that have proved so costly for Berisford International — and cost Ephraim Margulies the chairmanship — should not ignore the earlier jewellery company disaster.

It would seem that Berisford's US boss and close Margulies associate Howard Zuckerman was not entirely uninvolved with not just the Manhattan properties that cost almost £50 million but also that earlier little gold jewellery earner which cost £25 million.

Zuckerman was of interest to Scotland Yard's Guinness squad because of the £1.495 million paid to Erlanger, Berisford's US subsidiary, for buying Guinness shares. He was also present at the meeting *chez Parnes* with Olivier Roux at which Margulies sought to "cover up" his role in the Guinness share support operation and the £1.95 million payment to CIFCO.

Zuckerman proved somewhat elusive to interview owing to illness, business commitment, etc, and made sure he never, except by accident, subsequently found himself in Britain.

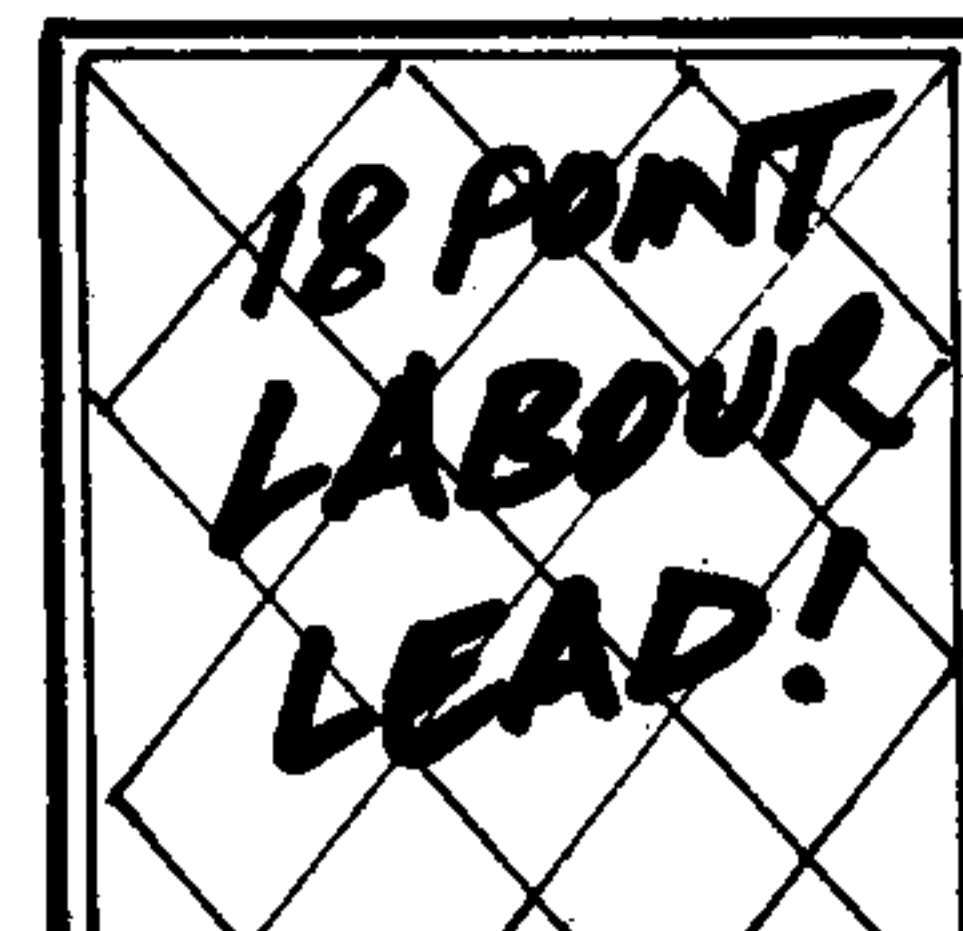
Unfortunately for Margulies, it is much easier to obtain information out of the US than Switzerland. But although he may be out of a six-figure job, at least he is not in the Southwark dock — which is where he would be if the evidence could have been obtained from his close associate Charles Rosenbaum and CIFCO's bankers, Rahn & Bodmer.

'Slicker'

MAGGIE RULES OK BY JOHN KENT

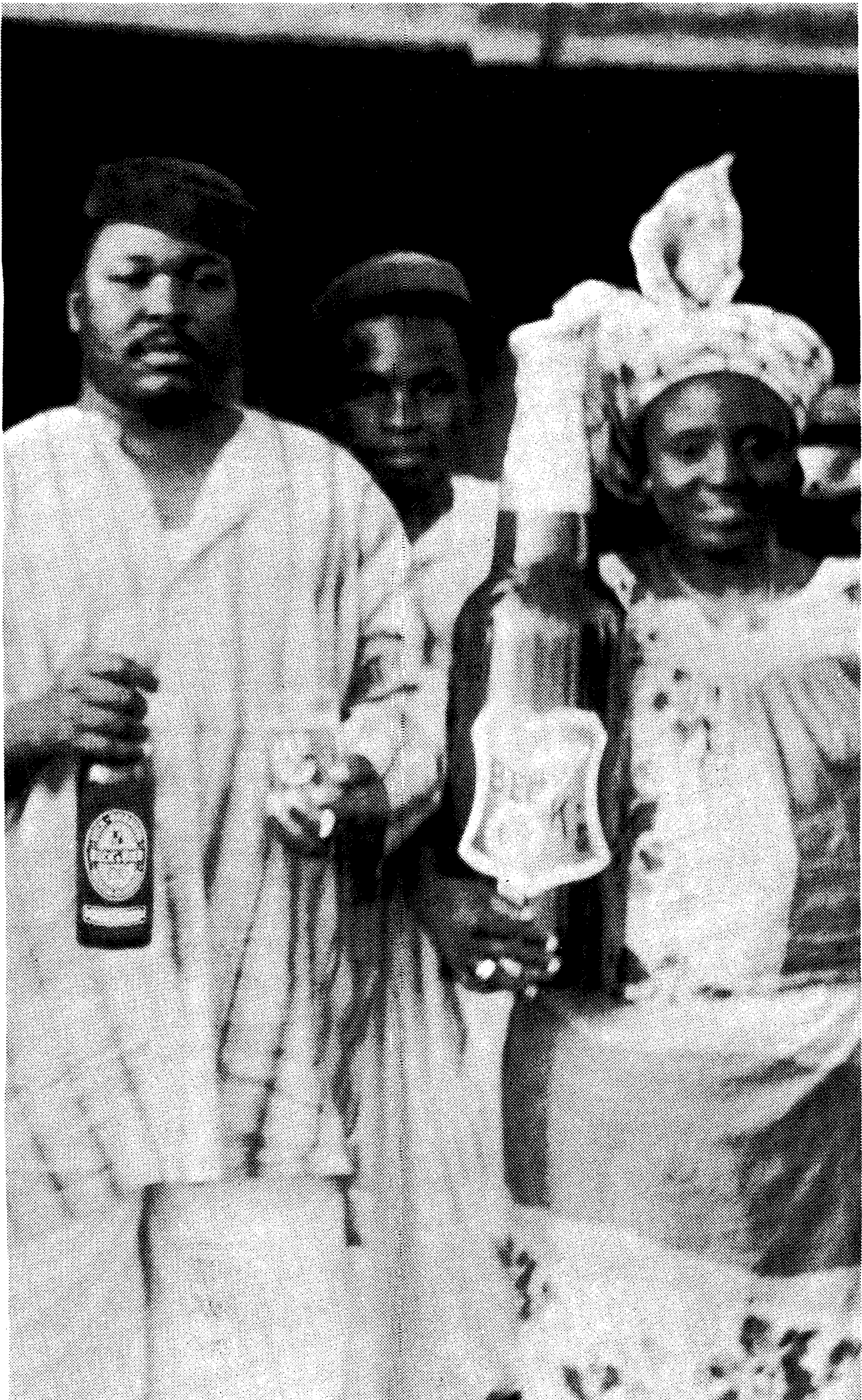
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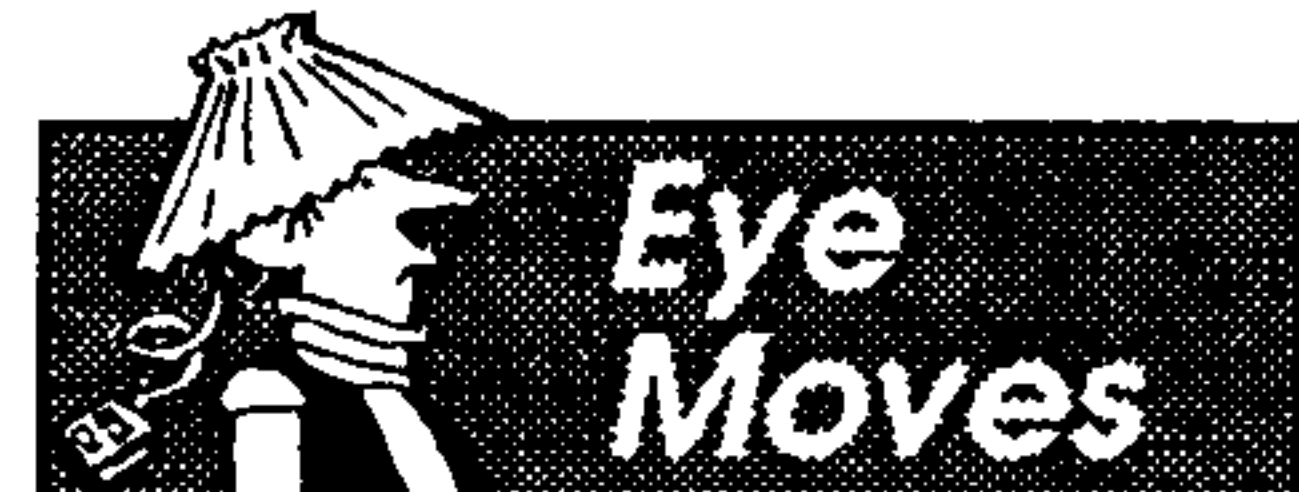
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GENTLEMAN, educated, considerate (30s) seeks plump, sexy, older lady (50s) for very discreet relationship. Box 4237.

SLIM SLOANE with humour, style, gaiety, some brains and not necessarily a reasonable French speaker living in Southern England, sought by very successful and fit late forties public school professional. She will be easily young enough to have — and want — (more) children because it will be his first marriage. Amusing CVs answered, but all photos returned. Box 4337.

A CARING man with boyish qualities and more needed by active, loving woman. Box 4437.

AMIALE and amusing ex-public school, Guardian-reading capitalist blonde seeks equally confused witty well-heeled and adventurous man 40ish to share the simple things in life in luxury London. Box 4537.

FEMALE fashion designer, 37, tall, slim, brunette, seeking single male who is romantic, fashionable, creative, and good looking, photo please. Box 13937.

POLISH SPY requires farm girl to make hay with. Plenty of oats to spare. Box 4637.

INDEPENDENT career lady, 30s, seeks revolution in her personal life with humorous male 26-40s. London. Box 4737.

GENUINE BARGAIN. Divorced, professional male (31) only one previous owner, in good condition, seeks unattached, artisan female (25-35) for fun and frolics. Must be into Clapton (Eric), films and cuddles. Nottingham area. Photos welcomed. ALA. Box 4837.

FEMININE FEMALES wanting alternative to traditional marriage. Why not share country house, farm and London flat with music loving, sportsman, who has trouble loving only one woman, and form a loving, caring, happy community/family. All nationalities and children welcome. Box 4937.

BORED HUSBAND, 40, 6'3", successful, attractive in looks and personality, good sense of humour, seeks slim, sexy lady for discreet romantic relationship. Photo appreciated. London area. Box 5037.

FEMALE, 33, attractive, creative, thinking, personable, humorous, generous, seeking similar male partner (30-45), Midlands. Box 5137.

DARE YOU answer this? Adventurous, single, bored (but not boring) professional man would like to meet attractive, good humoured and intelligent young woman. ALA. 22-30. Box 5237.

SUCCESSFUL businessman, attractive — seeks suspender clad nymph and several holidays abroad yearly. Photo please. Box 5337.

TWISTED SISTER required. Reversible 6'4" male, 39, seeks female lover (fast, smoking, skier preferred) to explore mutual inclinations. Photo & brief resumé. SVP to Bernie (Brighton). Box 4037.

SEPARATED MOTHER, 25, very attractive, tall, blonde, vivacious, witty, seeks partner, minimum 5'10", 25-40 N/S, possibly single father, for exclusive relationship. Kent. Box 5537.

FEMININE, 40, attractive, sensuous, romantic, desires to be spoilt by older, very successful, male within a special relationship. Discretion assured. Box 5637.

REAL WOMAN (40+), warm, educated, desirable, needs unattached, established, humorous man to love. Box 5737.

LADY GRADUATE, professional, attractive, slim, seeks similar gentleman, 37+. Photo please. Cheshire/Staffordshire. Box 5837.

WOMAN, 37, intelligent, attractive, journalist, left in lurch by philanderer, wants funny, faithful and literate man. London. Box 5937.

OXFORD/OXFORDSHIRE. Are you a beautiful, sophisticated, intelligent woman aged up to 60 who prefers sincere relationship with younger man? Am 34, tall, handsome, caring, professional male. Box 6037.

RADIANT WOMAN seeks extraordinary man. "She knows who and what she is, she is rich in suggestion, in complicity. She is a landscape we want to inhabit while the younger woman can only be visited." Interested? Box 6137.

SHY BOY, 20 attractive, intelligent, but unpretentious. Seeks older woman for intensive sex education. South. Box 6237.

TALL DARK MALE professional, 30, Newcastle, would like his cage rattled by intelligent amusing female. Box 6337.

CREATIVE, intelligent, humorous female, 46, wants contact lonely male who really wants emotional involvement — widower maybe. N. West. Box 6437.

PRESENTABLE married professional gentleman, 52, seeks intelligent lady for affair. Discretion assured. Rayleigh/Essex. Box 6537.

EDUCATED MAN, 30, looking for a woman who isn't into public school clones. London or Surrey vicinity. Box 6637.

MALE 40, seeks attractive, sexy female for discrete affair. Berkshire. Box 6837.

PAULINE ETC., who was the pratt about your telephone number! Contact me and exchange — for fun!! Box 6937.

WOULD BE escapee, 43, former flower child bride, needs tall, young (at heart) accomplice, S/E. Box 7037.

GENTLE, intelligent, cantabrigian male, 42, enthusiastic about children, cellists, china, seeks tolerant compatible female with ideas. Box 7137.

WIDOWER, 65 years, 5'10" tall, wishes meet attractive lady in 40s with sense of humour. London based. Box 7237.

ATTRACTIVE LADY, 31, single, happy, professional and social life but not yet observing right man in Fens, seeks attractive, intelligent, amusing man. Cambridge area. Box 7337.

COMPASSIONATE, bright male (32) seeking female with humour and understanding, for relationship, caring and sharing. South East/East Anglia. Box 7437.

DISILLUSIONED DEVELOPER. Young 45. Looking again for that rare, relationship with sincere, loving, kind, amusing, attractive lady 30s for sharing, fun, magic, marriage? Homes Surrey and Dorset. Photo please. Box 7537.

SELF-MADE but not Thatcherite man, a young, good-looking 33, into adventure, art, laughter and quality of life, seeks a woman to share these and other good things. West Yorkshire. Box 7637.

INTELLIGENT, funny Catholic cyclothymic woman, 29, based NW, seeks single man (Jewish?) for laughter, plus, plus, plus. Box 7737.

PANDORA, alone and betrayed again, still searching for her own true love, alas begins to despair of ever finding the flying Dutchman. Box 7837.

PROFESSIONAL MALE (34) seeks older lady, 40+, for caring, sensual relationship. Photo and letter ensures reply. Cheshire/Staffs. Box 7937.

RARE 1933 vintage Bedfordshire professional lady N/S enjoys theatre, galleries, dining, tired of independence. Box 8037.

SUCCESSFUL, single lawyer, mid 30s, slim, 5'9", two homes and a Mercedes, seeks young lady who enjoys travel (especially french) and dining out. May have lost my looks but not my sense of humour. Please kiss the frog and turn him into a prince! Photo appreciated. London and North West. Box 8137.

MALE PhD, 24, solvent, into string quartets, sailing and food, seeks female for long-term relationship. Sussex. Box 8237.

SECOND HAND mower needs new part(n)er. Widower, businessman, mid fifties, living in Avon, keen on cutting grass, and owner of large machine, would like to meet a lady with a professional occupation and cultural interests. Box 8337.

WANTED: tall, shapely lady (20-40), by lusty Edinburgh bachelor (32) for fun and possible Caribbean holiday. Photo please. Box 9836.

ASPIRING WOMAN artist seeks attractive, loving husband. Any nationality. (38+) London/South West. Box 6737.

SINGLE, successful male entrepreneur, 35 (6'0") sufficiently attractive, having just sold up with plenty of time and money, wishes to travel the world before settling down. Which unattached, adventurous female (20-35) ideally slim, leggy, attractive, unattached and romantic, with time to spare, would like to join him. Everything financial taken care of. Photo please. Box 8437.

WIDOWER, 64, retired engineer, South Manchester, fit, active, loner, loves walking, exploring countryside, music, DIY. Seeks similar lady to enjoy life. Box 8537.

GEORDIELAND — attractive, educated woman, married but neglected, needs caring male friend. Box 8637.

TALL, presentable man, 29, excellent cook and cleaner, who wants to take care of a beautiful woman who likes to lead the life of a lady. Norfolk based, but will travel. Box 8737.

BEAUTIFUL, petite, blue-eyed divorcee going to waste, seeks slim, professional male, 35-50 for loving relationship. Box 8837.

MELLOW MALE, 41, well established, central London based and regularly in Bristol seeks gentle, lively, positive lady, 28-38. Eclectic interests welcome. Likes music, pubs, walking, history, but empathy matters most. Box 8937.

TALL, SUNTANNED, lonely, bachelor farmer, 52 wishes to meet marriage and mating-minded N/S female. Let's exchange photos. Northampton area. Box 9037.

CARING, PROFESSIONAL (young 52) interested in theatre, music and all outdoor activities, particularly walking, sailing, caravanning, seeks similar lady 35-50 to share weekends, holidays etc. Box 9137.

LADY, 40ish, no ties, seeks kind, considerate, tall, attractive, non-smoking gentleman 40-48 for happier times. Cheshire. Box 9237.

MISSING the good things in life that only you can supply — from the life of an independent 44 year old, non-smoking, non-image, fun loving widower. Home counties or thereabouts. Anytime. Box 9337.

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COUNTRY CARPENTER needs resharpening. Beautiful crazy women need only reply. Pix please. Box 9537.

MALE, 33, lives overseas, seeks Central London female 30-50 for regular physical relationship. Colour, status unimportant. Photo please (returnable). Box 9637.

MALE GRADUATE (35), seeks female companion to share interests — cinema, opera, theatre, gardens, etc. Newcastle area. Box 10037.

SERIOUSLY good-looking, tall, up-market, kind, zany, attached American male seeks tallish, attractive woman for discreet, caring relationship. London. Box 10137.

DIVORCED workaholic, aged 52 with money — who would like to enjoy theatre, bridge, sport, drinking, eating and tenderness? Photo and telephone number please. Box 10237.

WACKY MALE writer seeks inspirational wacky female soulmate. No Lizzie Borden considered. Box 10337.

NIGERIAN TEACHER (31) looking for mature domesticated woman (30+) for a homely, loving, peaceful relationship. Send photo, letter, phone number. London area. Genuine replies only. Box 10437.

VIRGIN MALE, mid-twenties, smallish, seeks sex instructress, age unimportant. Photo appreciated/returned. Box 10537.

FIZZED-OFF fundamentalist, non-misogynistic, forlorn for foreplay, females, fun and fascination. Head case hedonist seeks non Dame Edna lookalikes. Box 10637.

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SUBJECT: male, late fifties,
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kind and generous.
REQUIREMENT: normal,
balanced female aged to 47, to
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and to fulfil us both.
Box 10737.

GOOD-LOOKING, well-educated, quiet, nice businesswoman, 30s, seeks similar man, London area. I am 5'6", sporty, intelligent, have varied interests and have just returned from living abroad (France). Box 10837.

SCOTLAND — two stylish independent females, mid 30s, seek single, witty, fun loving, bimbo abhorring men — to take us to lunch or dinner. Apply singly or in pairs. Box 10937.

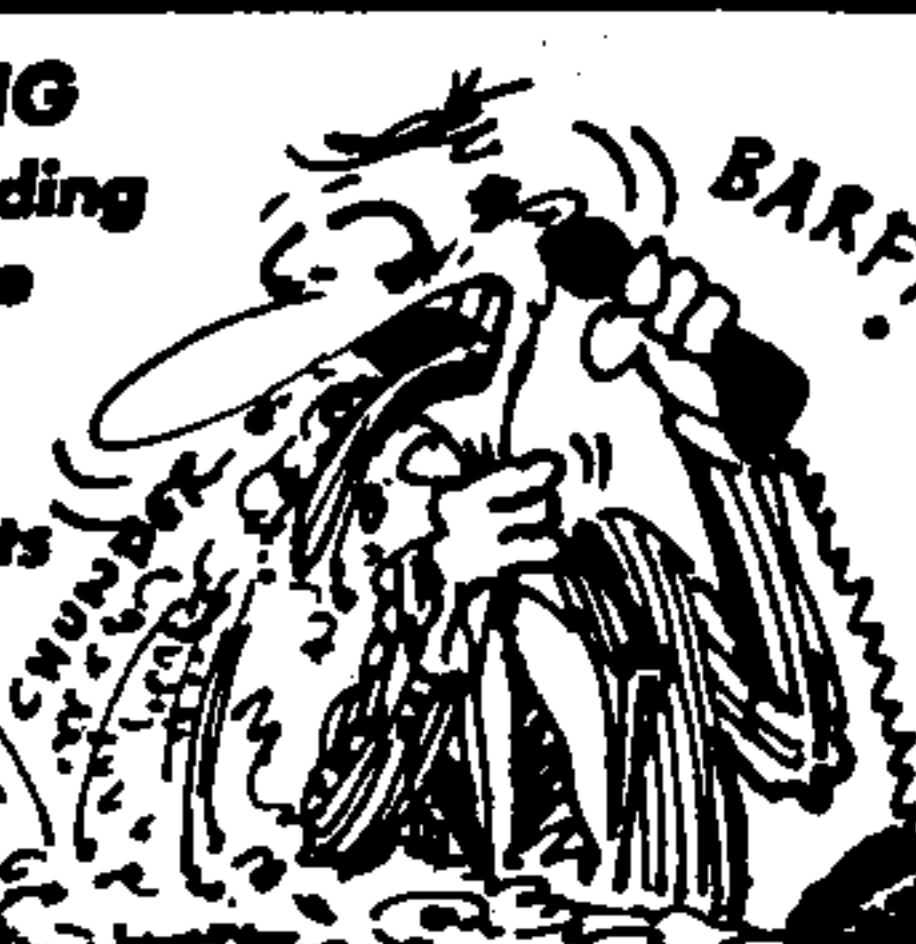
MISS ROBINSON seeks Benjamin who is preferably tall, amusing, healthy, sensual and not too worried about his future. Box 5437.

RADIO PRESENTER has three romantic holidays planned but no lady to share them with. I'm mid-20s, own flat, own car, own goldfish. You're attractive 21-36, like being hugged and just waiting to fall in love. Photo? Anywhere? Box 11037.

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